THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, GENERAL AGENTS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin.

Volume 171, No. 35 — Philadelphia, February 25, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 421 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

"and thereupon these errors"

ARGHYLL TREVITHICK'S DOUBLES

By *Francis Lynde* Pictures by *B. Martin Justice*

ARGHYLL TREVITHICK,—"R. G." we used to call him on 'Change and at the club,—was a well-balanced young fellow of a type which paternal bank-accounts and a multiplicity of universities have made familiar. In addition to the unpronounceable Cornish forename, he inherited the good looks and athletic physique of his Cornish ancestors. Taking him as he stood,—he knew the inestimable advantage of having a good tailor as well as any young man should,—he was, to borrow a phrase of those same ancestors, a very pretty fellow, and one well worthy a second glance.

Notwithstanding these claims upon particularization, however, Trevithick was never quite able to get himself instantly particularized by strangers or chance acquaintances. He was blessed or banned with a suggestive quality, which rarely failed to set the clock-work of reminiscence in motion; and in the matter of doubles, real or fancied, he could scarcely have been richer if his features had been modeled upon the lines of a composite photograph,—and they were troublesome.

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At school there was a lad who posed for him in many a small escapade; and at the university there were two of them,—a brilliant young junior, for whom he was often pointed out by admiring but indiscriminating visitors, and a promising athlete, in his own division, with whom he shared impartially the triumphs of the foot-ball field and the eight-oar.

Being coeval with his earliest recollections, the suggestive ban sat lightly upon him for the greater part. As a boy, he gloried in it; as an undergraduate, he called it "rich," and bore his proxy honors unblushingly; but afterward it came to be something of an incubus.

In business it sometimes cost him rather dear to be taken for the other fellow,—as, for example, in the Armiger wheat deal, when he went perilously near to shipwreck because Armiger gave him the tip intended to mislead the man who resembled him.

Socially, the suggestive burden was even more irksome. If it be something less than enlivening to be pointed out by short-sighted persons as the man who allows his paper to go to protest, it is altogether depressing to find one's self appropriating another man's welcome; or to have the second phrase of an introduction fall into the stereotyped, "Dear me! It was really quite startling, Mr. Trevithick. You remind me so strikingly of,"—some fellow of whom one has never heard, and whose standing with the reminded one may be anything but enviable.

Eleanor Van Werck made that *faux pas* when they were introduced at Mrs. Crapo's dancing-party; and Trevithick never fully forgave her until he had looked up his forerunner in this particular instance, and had satisfied himself that the reminder was not in the least to Arghyll Trevithick's discredit; rather the other way, in fact.

Then, indeed, he went to the other extreme, and, in due course of time, Miss Van Werck was kind to him, and rewarded him by softening the harsh Cornish forename into Argy, and naming a day of days, whose only drawback was that its place in the calendar was at the wrong end of two months of impatient waiting.

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In that interval it became known to "R. G.'s" intimates that he was very much in love with the young woman whose reminiscent remark had led up to the day-naming episode, and that he was finding the eight weeks rather trying. His business connection was in the city, and the Van Werck home was in Rockbridge. Six hours to go and return clipped the business interval at one end and the love-making at the other; and for a quartette of fortnights Trevithick ate and slept in transit, and his waiter at the club was reduced to the necessity of smoking a pipe or two in his off time.

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The probation was over at last, and when Trevithick boarded the train in the afternoon of his wedding day he was a happy man for more reasons than one.

The train was an express, and, being comfortably crowded, in his own proper person, by ecstatic prefigurings of the happiness toward which he was speeding, Trevithick was not sorry to have the end section in the Pullman to himself.

As a matter of time-killing form he had provided himself with an armful of the late magazines, but the author whose name he remembered that afternoon was fortunate.

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The train was just crossing the frontier, between daylight and dark, when the news-boy came through with the evening papers. Trevithick bought one,—again as a matter of time-killing form,—and skimmed it as he had the magazines. As usual, there was little more than a revamp of the morning's news, but this included a detailed account of the robbery committed the day before in a bank in his own office building.

The foray had been a daylight affair of the real Dick Turpin sort,—a well-dressed man thrusting a pistol between the wires of the teller's cage in the noon lull, and going scot free with an armful of bank-notes passed out at the word of command by the terrified money-handler. Trevithick read it and laughed,—laughed because the robber, reincarnated by the teller's description, was the

"WHAT! TWO MORE OF YOU?"

—an affair of the Dick Turpin sort

latest recrudescence of his own ever-recurring double, and his friends in the Brokerage Building had made much of it.

He was making a clipping of the newspaper story, thinking it would be a joke worth repeating to the wedding guests, when he became aware of the presence of the man in the next section. Turning quickly, he surprised his fellow-traveler in the act of an espial over the back of the seat,—an espial having for its apparent object the identification of the subject-matter of the clipping.

The man excused himself, and begged the loan of the paper; and Trevithick thought no more of it until he chanced to glance up at the plate-glass mirror framed in the woodwork at the opposite end of the section. In the glass he had a fair view of the face and figure of the man, and the reflection appearing just above his own gave him a shock. A man may meet his facsimile a dozen times a day and be none the wiser, but when that facsimile's face looks out of a mirror a few inches above his own it is different.

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Trevithick gasped and stared hard, and wondered if he had suddenly become cross-eyed in a vertical plane; he was obliged to shift his position, in fact, before he could be certain that the face in the mirror was not a mere trick of his own eyes, or of the glass.

When the doubt was gone, and with it the thrill of mingled astonishment and awe, he fell to comparing the two faces in the looking-glass. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to study the features of one of his many doubles at leisure, and he decided to make the most of it.

The man in the adjoining section was older, he decided, and there was that in his square jaw which went lamely with the clerical cut of his garments. Also, there was a suggestion of ruthlessness in the face which he was glad to find lacking in his own.

In the midst of the study of comparative anatomy Trevithick's subject returned the mutilated paper and left the car. In the act, a square of yellow paper fluttered from his pocket, and the draft from the opened door of the vestibule blew it into Section 12. Trevithick picked it up, and read it mechanically. It was a telegram, dated two hours earlier from the city, addressed to "Fishplate," at a way-station lately passed, and signed "Spike."

> "Underbidders will reach Rockbridge via D. & C. at seven-five. You lose contract if you can't make a turn before that date."

It was evidently a business "tip," and Trevithick was glad it had come in his way. It accounted satisfactorily for the man, and allayed a dawning suspicion suggested by the resemblance, the hard face, and the curious espial that the facsimile might possibly be the robber of the Brokerage Bank.

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He thrust the telegram into his pocket, meaning to return it when his double should come back; but it was forgotten in the skimming of another story, though he was presently made aware of the man's return to his seat by the reappearance of the face in the looking-glass.

Deny himself as he would, he could not refrain from stealing an occasional glance at the panel-mirror, and it disturbed him vaguely to find that his neighbor was always watching him furtively. It was purely imaginary, he reasoned, but the man's gaze seemed to grow sinister as the minutes elapsed; and the engineer's whistle for Rockbridge brought a sense of relief which was quite apart from the impatience of a potential bridegroom.

When the train stopped, Trevithick left the magazines as a legacy for the porter, caught up his top-coat, and glanced at his watch as he left the car. He had sent his luggage on ahead, so that he would be quite unembarrassed, and there was reason to be thankful for the bit of forethought. The train was late, and three-quarters of an hour in which to dress and reach the house in Grosvenor Circle was not too much.

With that thought in mind, he forthfared into the night. Halfway across to the cabstand some one laid a hand on his shoulder, and a voice at his ear said, "The jig's up, young fellow. You'll have to come with me."

Trevithick spun around like a man with a bullet in him, and found himself confronting the clerical-looking railway contractor.

"Wha—what's that you say?" he gasped.

"I say the jig's up, and you've got to come along with me. Are you goin' decent and peaceable-like,—or have I got to——" The ominous jingle of a pair of handcuffs explained the painful alternative.

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Trevithick measured his man with an eye belligerent, and the lust of battle was upon him. Then the grim humor of it overtook him, and he laughed.

"By Jove! That's good enough for a curtain-raiser!" he said. "Don't you know, I was on the point of mistaking you for the bank robber. But if I had the wrong pig by the ear, so have you. I'm not your man."

"Oh, you ain't? Well, we'll just let the jury settle that. You're comin' along with me; that's about what you're goin' to do. Get into that hack!"

"But I say, my friend; I tell you you're off—'way off. If I had time I could convince you beyond a question of doubt. But you'll have to take my word for it under the circumstances. You'll appreciate the situation when I tell you that I'll be due at my own wedding in a little more than half an hour."

The man grinned unfeelingly, and jingled the handcuffs.

"'Twouldn't cut no ice with me if you was going to be due at your own funeral." And then, with a swift change from grim jocularity to officialism: "Now, then; do you go peaceable or not? I hain't got time to chew the rag with you. Get in, I tell you!"

A dozen expedients, all equally desperate and equally unpromising, raced through Trevithick's brain, and in the midst of them he was thrust into the carriage, the door slammed, and the pavements began to rumble beneath the wheels. The four-wheeler was an ornate affair, with a bow-window front and bent-glass panels; and the bailiff sat in the bow-window seat, knee to knee with his loudly protesting prisoner.

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"What are you going to do with me?" Trevithick demanded, when the carriage turned a corner and the rumbling of the wheels changed from the drum-roll of granite blocks to the purr of asphalt.

"Going to put you where you'll be pretty middling sure to be found when you're wanted."

"Lock me up, you mean?"

"Sure thing."

There was one expedient which seemed a little less hopeless than the others, and Trevithick tried it.

"Don't you do it," he urged. "I'm no millionaire, but I'll make it worth your while to be my guest at the Rockbridge House till I can get time to straighten this out to your satisfaction."

"No, you don't," said the man.

With the failure of the forlorn hope Trevithick relapsed into silence, and his jaw began to work again. Swift visions of the bedecked mansion with the assembled guests and the bereft bride alternated with fits of hot wrath that set his blood a-boil. It was maddening, and, in the thick of the most desperate of the expedients, insisted upon a rehearing.

"Where is your warrant for this arrest?" he demanded suddenly.

The carriage was in the main street, and there was no lack of light. The man lifted the lapel of his coat and showed a badge.

"That,—and this," he said, touching the butt of a revolver.

"But you can't take me without a warrant," Trevithick protested.

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The man grinned again. "Oh, can't I? Looks like I had taken you, don't it?"

Trevithick's top-coat was still on his arm, and he laid it aside with careful deliberation. The next instant the interior of the four-wheeler was filled with a cyclonic whirl of arms and legs, and writhing bodies, and dodging heads, and the battle was on.

It was a short-lived affair. Trevithick knew he was outclassed in weight, but he was in fairly good form, and he thought of the waiting bride, and put his soul into it. Moreover, the police station was just around the next corner, and time pressed. So the conflict raged for some brief seconds, and there were desperate clutchings and cramped blows, and a gasping oath or two, and Trevithick snapped the handcuffs on the wrists of his late captor, and coolly appropriated the badge and the pistol, by the time the carriage wheels were scraping the curb in front of the police station.

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"Out with you!" he panted, flinging the door wide open. "If somebody's got to be locked up over night, you're the man. If you make any bad breaks, or delay me five seconds longer than you have to, I'll murder you on the instant!"

The man clambered out stiffly, and the self-elected constable ran him into the station. Trevithick was fire-new to the business of man-catching, but he went through his part without discredit, and with celerity.

The Lieutenant on duty was admirably incurious. He recorded the facts of the arrest and the charge, asking for no more authority than a glance at the looted badge; and when the prisoner demanded to be heard in his own behalf, turned a deaf ear, and ordered the Sergeant to lock him up.

"You'll come after him in the morning, I suppose?" he said to Trevithick, when the small affair was dispatched.

Trevithick was living by present minutes and seconds, and the morning, with its responsibilities and consequences, was on the farther side of a great many things as yet undone. Nevertheless he replied promptly: "Sure thing," and walked out.

When he reached the curb he spun a coin up to the driver of the waiting four-wheeler.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Callahan?" he said, recognizing the man. "Are you foot-loose?"

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"It's that I am, Mister Trevithick. I've nothing ava betune this an' dhrivin' the weddin' pa-arty from Judge Van Werck's to the late thrain."

"Good. Take me to the Rockbridge House first, and then stand by to rush me out to the Judge's at a double. Here's another dollar for speed. I'm fearfully late,—and must hurry."

The driver pocketed the coin Trevithick gave him, and cut the four-wheeler to turn.

"Holy smoke!" he whispered, to the cocked ear of the near horse. "We've been sixin' him up for a jinnis dooray at the laste, an' here he's on'y a privit bobby, after all! I wonder does the Judge know ut?"

The four-wheeler was no more than two squares from its intermediate destination when a hansom dashed up to the entrance to the Rockbridge House. An officer in plain clothes sprang out, and was immediately joined by another who came out of the shadow of the porter's doorway.

The Lieutenant turned a deaf ear

"What luck?" said the lurker.

"It's a Chinese puzzle, right," was the reply. "Sure you know the Deacon when you set your eyes on him?"

"Why, yes; don't you know him?"

"Thought I did. But if that was our man in the bay-window four-wheeler, he's playing a deepish game. He drove straight to the police station and jugged the fellow that was with him."

"Locked him up? What charge?"

"His charge, by Christopher!—robbing the bank. Oh, he's fly. He's on his way here now in the four-wheeler. I heard him give the order."

"Don't see his game," said the lurker.

"Nor I; unless it's to gain time. But we'll—— Stow it! There's the four-wheeler! Get ready to nab him when he sticks his head out, and have your billy ready. Jemmy's a mighty bad one."

Thirty minutes later the four-wheeler, empty, took its place in the line of carriages before the house in Grosvenor Circle. Callahan took advantage of each fresh break in the line to edge nearer to the awning-covered strip of carpet bridging the sidewalk; and when he had berthed himself to his liking, he weighted the horses, and went to pass the time of night with the housemaid, who was watching the procession.

"Is it yourself, Pat?" asked the girl.

"It's me double," answered Callahan, upon whom the *zeitgeist* of the moment had descended. "Faith, it's not anythin' I'm sure of this night. Is the weddin' on?"

"No; they're waitin' for Mr. Trevithick."

"It's long they'll wait, then."

The girl tossed her head. "What does the likes of you know about it?"

"This is what I know. I tuk him to the p'lice station t'ree quarters of an hour ago; two of him, be jabbers! They locked up wan of the two, an' I was takin' t'other wan back to the hotel, when out shteps two bobbies in plain clothes, an' wan of them says, 'You'll come wid us, my man, if you plaze.'"

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"Our Mr. Trevithick?—arrested on his weddin' night?"

"It's just as I'm tellin' you. He luks first at wan, an' then at t'other, an' says, says he, 'What!—two more of you? It's a murderer you'll be makin' of me!' An' wid that there was the beautifulest bit of a scrimmage you'd want to see, wid him breakin' away at the end of it, an' them two bobbies after him, hot fut, grabbin' at his coat-tails."

"And what would you be doin' all this time, Patsy Callahan?" demanded the girl, in fine scorn.

"I was that dumfoundthered I c'u'd do nothin' ava but luk on. After that, I waited me half-hour, an' here I am, gassin' wid the purtiest—— Hully Gee! Luk at that now, will you?"

It was Trevithick, coming at last from the desperate chase up one street and down another. No one but the keen-witted Irishman would have recognized him as he lurched across the street, and dodged between the carriages to make a quick dash up the carpeted steps,—no one save his two pursuers, who came in sight, laboring heavily, but yet in good time to see their quarry admitted to the house of rejoicing.

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The wedding guests were making merry at the belated bridegroom's expense when the word went from lip to lip that the lost was found,—was at that moment safe and sound under the Van Werck roof, and in the hands of Tom Van Werck, who had taken upon himself the duties of haste-making valet-in-ordinary to the disheveled one.

The explanation of the delay was rather vague as it reached the drawing-rooms,—was scarcely more than that in the upper room, where the bride and her tire-women were waiting impatiently.

A minute later they were all in the spacious entrance hall below. The guests were mainly strangers to Trevithick, and there were so many of them that the drawing-rooms had overflowed into the hall. From the moment of his appearance Trevithick felt that he was very much in the public eye, and was more ill at ease than the borrowed dress-coat would account for.

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The procession was to form at the stairfoot, and while he was shaking hands with the Judge, and taking cognizance of the few familiar faces in the overflow, Trevithick had one eye on the front door. Up to this point desperation-born courage had not failed, but the momentary delay threatened to wreck it. In the heat of the battle for enlargement he had thought much of the end and little of the means; but now it was driven in upon him that the real criminal could scarcely have mired himself more deeply in the quicksands of law-breaking in a single short hour.

It was no light offense to resist an officer of the law, and afterward to personate him; and Trevithick held his breath and listened for the drumming of truncheons on the front door, and prayed that Eleanor might come quickly and end the nerve-trying ordeal, but

it was not so to be. Just at the crucial moment, when the bride was floating diaphanously down the broad stair in her wedding bravery to join him, the front door opened, and his two pursuers parted the circle of onlookers.

"In the name of the law!" said one of them very brusquely, laying a hand on Trevithick's shoulder. But when he got a fair view of his prisoner's face he fell back and swore pathetically. "Beg pardon, ladies and gents," he apologized, "but if you'd been chasin' the wrong man a hundred mile or so while the right one was gettin' away, you'd understand. Say, young fellow, what in time did you run away for?"

Eleanor had stopped midway on the stair, but at this she came running down, to cling to Trevithick's arm.

"Oh, Argy!—what is it?" she faltered; and a murmur of sympathy buzzed in the air.

Trevithick loosened her fingers gently, and held out his wrists.

"You haven't made any mistake," he said quietly. "I'm your man."

Whereat the bride fell upon him with heart-broken sobbings; and the Judge made haste to intervene in her behalf.

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"Why, Trevithick, my boy! What is the trouble? What have you been doing?"

Trevithick brazened it out like a man.

"I've been resisting an officer, personating him, and having him locked up in the police station. I couldn't help it; there was nothing else to do. He came out on the train with me, and mistook me for the Brokerage Bank robber. He wouldn't begin to listen to reason, and I fought it out with him in the carriage, and turned the tables on him in good style."

The murmur of sympathy became a buzz of applause, and in the midst of it the two officers closed up eagerly.

"Locked him up, you say? Fellow little heavier than you, and about your height and build?" queried the spokesman anxiously.

"Yes,—very much my build."

"Looks something like you in the face?"

"Looks a great deal like me; is one of my confounded doubles, in fact." Trevithick hung his head, as if the suggestive quality had suddenly become something to be very much ashamed of.

The officer laughed. "Didn't occur to you that he was Jemmy Gogarty, alias 'The Deacon,' and the man that was wanted, I s'pose?—that he was only making a bad break to chase you in for a temporary substitute, while he could get time to get away?"

"What! But, say; you're off wrong again. If he wasn't a detective, he was a railroad contractor, or something of that sort. Look here." Trevithick remembered the forgotten telegram, and happily found it with his other belongings, which had been put in the pocket of the borrowed dress-coat.

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The policeman in plain clothes read it aloud, and laughed again. "That settles it definitely," he said. "Similarly, it explains why he was trying to run you in. We're the 'underbidders'—Officer Ransom here and me,—and he was trying to make his turn out o' you,—would've made it, if you hadn't done him up. He's one of the toughest all-around crooks in the West, and I'd just about as soon think o' tacklin' a wildcat in a hollow tree as to jump him barehanded in a cab. You'd ought to be on the force, Mr. Trevithick; you had, by Christopher! Sorry to have troubled you, I'm sure; sorry to have troubled all o' you, ladies and gents."

The two policemen backed out of the circle, and the butler opened the door for them. There was a deep-drawn sigh of relief on all sides when Herr Steinmeyer went back to the piano, and the bride took her father's arm, and Trevithick paired off with Tom Van Werck; but in the midst of the stir of preparation the burlier of the two officers edged up again to whisper:

"Say; there's a big reward out, as I s'pose you know——"

But there is a limit to the number of interruptions a man may endure on the eve of his wedding, and Trevithick's hissed whisper into the officer's ear was an answer out of the fullness of his overburdened heart.

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"You take the man and the reward and yourselves, and go—to—blazes! will you?"

Trevithick had to tell the story circumstantially to the assembled guests at the supper-table, and later was obliged to repeat it in its minutest details to old Mrs. Petherwell, who had heard it imperfectly at table. The good lady was a little hard of hearing, and her comment was perfectly audible to every one in the room.

"Dear me! How very extraordinary! And yet I don't know, either. Now I think of it, you remind me so strikingly of——"

But Eleanor was at hand to save him.

"Oh, please, Cousin Jeannette!—no more doubles to-night!" she cut in; and a little later, when they were in the bow-windowed four-wheeler of one Patrick Callahan, and on their way to the late train, she laid her cheek on his shoulder to say: "You'll never remind me of anybody but yourself, Argy."

He laughed doubtfully, as one in whom assurance has been cowed.

"Wait till you see Mr. James Gogarty, alias 'The Deacon,'" he answered sadly.

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XI

FROM their windows, high up and at the front of the big hotel, Julia looked down upon the Lake of Geneva. She was in such haste to behold it that she had not so much as unbuttoned her gloves; she held her muff still in her hand. After one brief glance, she groaned aloud with vexation.

Beyond the roadway and the deserted miniature pier of Territet, both disheveled under melting and mud-stained snow, there lay a patch of water,—motionless, inconspicuous, and of a faded drab color,—which at some small distance out vaguely ceased to look like water, and yet, a little farther out, became part and parcel of the dull, gray mist. Save for the forlorn masts of a couple of fishing boats, beached under the shelter of the pier, there was no proof in sight that this was a lake at all. It was as uninspiring to the eye as a pool of drippings from umbrellas.

While her uncle and brother occupied themselves with the luggage being brought up by the porters, she opened a window and stepped out upon the tiny balcony. A flaring sign on the inner framework of this balcony besought her, in Swiss-French, in the interests of order, not to feed the birds. The injunction seemed meaningless to her until she perceived, over by the water, several gulls lazily wheeling about. They were almost as gray as the fog they circled in.

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Suddenly they seemed to perceive her in turn, and, swerving sharply, came floating toward the hotel, with harsh, almost menacing cries. She hurried in and shut the window with decision. It seemed to her that the smile with which, as she turned, she was able to meet her uncle's look, was a product of true heroism.

Apparently this smile did not altogether delude him. "Oh, now, you mustn't get down on your luck," he adjured her. "We're going to be awfully cozy here. Have you seen your room? It's just there, in a little alley to the right of the door. They say it has an even finer view than these windows. Oh, you needn't laugh; this is the best view in the world, I'm told by those who know. And as a winter resort, why its just——"

"I say, look here!" The interruption came from Alfred, who, having gone out on one of the balconies, put in his head now to summon them. "Come here! Both of you! Here's some fun."

He pointed out to Thorpe the meaning of the inscription on the sign, and then pulled him forward to observe its practical defiance. A score of big gulls were flapping and dodging in excited confusion close before them, filling their ears with a painful clamor. Every now and again one of the birds, recovering its senses in the hurly-burly, would make a curving swoop downward past the rows of windows below, and triumphantly catch in its beak something that had been thrown into the air.

Thorpe, leaning over his railing, saw that a lady on a balcony one floor below, and some yards to the left, was feeding the birds. She laughed aloud as she did so, and said something over her shoulder to a companion, who was not visible to him.

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"Well, that's pretty cool," he remarked to his niece, who had come to stand beside him. "She's got the same sign down there that we've got. I can see it from here. Or, perhaps she can't read French."

"Or, perhaps she isn't frightened by the hotel people," suggested the girl. She added, after a little, "I think I'll feed them myself in the morning. I certainly shall if the sun comes out,—as a sort of thanksgiving festival, you know."

Her uncle seemed not to hear her. He had been struck by the exceptional grace of the gestures with which the pieces of bread were flung forth. The hands and wrists of this lady were very white and shapely. The movements which she made with them, all unaware of observation as she was, and viewed as he viewed them from above, were singularly beautiful in their unconstraint. It was in its way like watching some remarkably fine dancing, he thought.

He could not see much of her face from his perch, but she was tall and fashionably clad. There was a loose covering of black lace thrown over her head, but once, as she turned, he could see that her hair was red. Even in this fleeting glimpse the unusual tint attracted his attention; there was a brilliancy as of fire in it. Somehow it seemed to make a claim upon his memory. He continued to stare down at her with an indefinable sense that he knew something about her.

Suddenly another figure appeared upon the balcony, and in a flash he comprehended everything. These idiotic, fighting gluttons of gulls had actually pointed out to him the object of his search. It was Lady Cressage who stood in the doorway, there just below him, and her companion, the red-haired lady who laughed hotel rules to scorn, was the American heiress who had crossed the ocean in his ship, and whom he had met later on at Hadlow. What was her name,—Martin? No, Madden.

He confronted the swift impression that there was something odd about these two women being together. At Hadlow he had imagined that they did not like each other. Then he reflected as swiftly that women probably had their own rules about such matters. He seemed to have heard, or read, perhaps, that females liked and disliked each other with the most capricious alternations, and on the least tangible of grounds. At all events, here they were together now. That was quite enough.

The two ladies had gone in and closed their window. The sophisticated birds, with a few ungrateful croaks of remonstrance, had drifted away again to the water. His niece had disappeared from his elbow. Still Thorpe remained with his arms folded on the railing, his eyes fixed on the vacant balcony, below to the left.

When at last he went inside the young people were waiting for him with the project of a stroll before dinner. The light was failing, but there was plenty of time. They had ascertained the direction in which Chillon lay; a servant had assured them that it was only a few minutes' walk, and Alfred was almost certain that he had seen it from the window of their sitting-room.

Thorpe assented with a certain listlessness which they had never noted in his manner before, but when Julia begged him not to stir if he were in the slightest degree tired, he replied honestly enough that he would do anything rather than be left alone. Then, of course, they said there should be no walk, but to this he would not listen. The party trooped downstairs accordingly, and out into the street. The walking was vile, but, as Julia had long ago said, if they were to be deterred by slush, they would never get anywhere nor see anything.

It proved to be too late and too dark to either enter the castle or get much of an idea of its exterior. Returning, they paused again to look into the lighted window of the nice little bookshop. The numerous photographs of what they were entitled to behold from the windows of their hotel seemed more convincing than photographs usually were. As the young people inspected them they became reassured. It was not credible that such a noble vista would forever deny itself to such earnest pilgrims. When their uncle introduced this time his ancient formula about the certainty of brilliant sunshine in the morning, they felt like believing him.

"Yes, I really think it must change," Julia declared hopefully, with her fascinated glance upon the photographs in the window.

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Alfred looked at his watch. "We'd better get along to the hotel, hadn't we?" he suggested. "It is nearly time for dinner."

"By the way," Thorpe began, with a certain uneasiness of manner, "speaking of dinner, wouldn't you like to dine at the big table d'hôte, instead of up in our sitting-room?"

"If you're tired of our dining alone, by all means," answered Julia readily. There was obvious surprise, however, in both her look and tone.

"Tired nothing!" he assured her. "I like it better than anything else in the world. But what I mean is, I was thinking, seeing that this is such a great winter resort, and all the swagger people of Europe come here, that probably you youngsters would enjoy seeing the crowd in the public dining-room."

Julia's glance, full of affectionate appreciation, showed how wholly she divined his spirit of self-sacrifice. "We wouldn't care in the least for it," she declared. "We enjoy being a little party by ourseves every whit as much as you do, and we both hate the people you meet at tables d'hôte; and besides, if there are any real swells here, you may be sure they dine in their own rooms."

"Why, of course!" Thorpe exclaimed swiftly, in palpable self-rebuke. "I don't know what I could have been thinking of. Of course they would dine in their rooms."

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Next morning Thorpe rose earlier than ever, with the impression of a peculiarly restless and uncomfortable night behind him. It was not until he had shaved and dressed that he noted the altered character of the air outside. Although it was not fully daylight yet, he could see the outlines of the trees and vine rows on the big, snow-clad hill, which monopolized the prospect from his window, all sharp and clear-cut, as if he were looking at them through an opera-glass. He went at once to the sitting-room, and thrust the curtains aside from one of the windows.

A miracle had been wrought in the night. The sky overhead was serenely cloudless; the

Nothing could have been simpler or more pleasing than the little visit turned out to be

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was begun in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

lake beneath, stirring softly under some faint passing breeze, revealed its full breadth with crystalline distinctness. Between sky and water there stretched across the picture a broad, looming, dimly defined band of shadow, marked here and there at the top by little slanting patches of an intensely glowing white. He looked at this darkling middle distance for a moment or two without comprehension. Then he turned and hurriedly moved to the door of Julia's room and beat upon it.

"Get up!" he called through the panels. "Here's your sunrise. Here's your Alpine view! Go to your window and see it!"

A clear voice, not unmirthful, replied: "I've been watching it for half an hour, thanks. Isn't it glorious?"

He was more fortunate at the opposite door, for Alfred was still asleep. The young man, upon hearing the news, however, made a toilet of unexampled brevity, and came breathlessly forth. Thorpe followed him to the balcony, where he stood collarless and uncombed, with the fresh morning breeze blowing his hair awry, his lips parted, his eyes staring with what the uncle felt to be a painful fixedness before him.

Thorpe had seen many mountains in many lands. They did not interest him very much. He thought, however, that he could see now why people who had no mountains of their own should get excited about Switzerland. He understood a number of these sentimental things now, for that matter, which had been Greek to him three months before. Unreceptive as his philistinism may have seemed to these delighted youngsters, it was apparent enough to him that they had taught him a great deal. If he could not hope to share their ever-bubbling raptures and enthusiasms, at least he had come to comprehend them after a fashion, and even to discern sometimes what it was that stirred them.

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He watched his nephew now, having first assured himself by a comprehensive downward glance that no other windows of the hotel front were open. The young man seemed tremendously moved, far too much so to talk.

Thorpe ventured once some remarks about the Mexican mountains, which were ever so much bigger, as he remembered them, but Alfred paid no heed. He continued to gaze across the lake, watching in rapt silence one facet after another catch the light, and stand out from the murky gloom, radiantly white, till at last the whole horizon was a mass of shining minarets and domes, and the sun fell full on his face. Then, with a long-drawn sigh, he turned, reentered the room, and threw himself into a chair.

"It's too good!" he declared, with a half-groan. "I didn't know it would be like that."

"Why, nothing's too good for us, man," his uncle told him.

"That is," said the boy simply, and Thorpe, after staring for a moment, smiled, and rang the bell for breakfast.

When Julia made her appearance, a few minutes later, the table was already laid, and the waiter was coming in with the coffee.

"I thought we'd hurry up breakfast," her uncle explained, after she had kissed him and thanked him for the sunrise he had so successfully predicted, "because I knew you'd both be crazy to get out."

He had not overestimated their eagerness, which was so great, indeed, that they failed to note the excessive tranquillity of his own demeanor. He ate with such unusual deliberation, on this exciting morning, that they found themselves at the end of their repast when, apparently, he had but made a beginning.

"Now, you two mustn't wait for me at all," he announced to them then. "I'm a little tired this morning, and I think I'd just like to lie around and smoke, and perhaps read one of your novels. But you two must get your things on, and lose no time in getting out. This is the very best time of day, you know, for Alpine scenery. I'd hate to have you miss any of it."

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Under his kindly if somewhat strenuous insistence they went to their rooms to prepare for an immediate excursion. He was so anxious to have them see all there was to be seen, that when Julia returned, properly cloaked and befurred, and stood waiting for Alfred at the window, he scolded a little.

"What on earth is that boy doing?" he exclaimed with a latent snarl in his tone which was novel to her ear. "He'll keep you here till noon!"

"He's shaving, I think. He won't be long," she replied with great gentleness. After a moment's pause she turned from the window and came gayly forward. "Oh, I forgot; I was going to feed the birds. There are several of them out there now." As she spoke, she busily broke up some of the rolls on the table. Her face was bright with the pleasure of the thought.

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"If you don't much mind, Julia," her uncle began, with almost pleading intonations, "I rather think I wouldn't feed those birds. The rule is there before our eyes, you know, and it's always been my idea that if you're at a hotel it's the correct thing to abide by its rules. It's just an idea of mine, and I dare say, if you think about it, you'll feel the same way."

The girl freed the last remaining breadcrumb from her gloves. "Why, of course, uncle," she said promptly.

Although there was no hint of protest in her tone or manner, he felt impelled to soften still further this solitary demonstration of his authority. "You see, I've been all round the world, my little girl," he explained haltingly, "and when a man's done that, and knocked about everywhere, he's apt to get finicky and notional about trifles every once in a while."

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"You're less so than anybody I ever knew," she generously interposed.

"Oh, no, I'm not. You don't know me well enough yet; that's what's the matter. And you see, Julia,—another thing,—just because you saw that lady throwing out bread, that ain't a very good reason why you should do it. You don't know what kind of a person she may be. Girls have got to be so careful about all that sort of thing."

Julia offered a constrained little laugh in comment. "Oh, you don't know how careful I can be," she said.

"But you're not annoyed?" he entreated

—clad in some charming sort of morning gown, and bareheaded

The bird dashed at it with a scream

her, and for answer she came behind him, and rested an arm on his shoulder, and patted it. He stroked her hand with his own. "That's something like the nicest niece in the world!" he exclaimed with fervor.

When at last she and her brother had gone he made short work of his breakfast, and drank his coffee at a gulp. A restless activity suddenly informed his movements. He lit a cigar, and began pacing up and down the room, biting his lips in preoccupation as he went. After a little he opened a window, and ventured cautiously as far out on the balcony as was necessary to obtain a view of the street below.

Eventually, he identified his nephew and niece among the pedestrians beneath him, and he kept them in sight till, after more than one tiresome halt at a shop window, they disappeared round a bend in the road. Then he turned and came back into the room with the buoyant air of a man whose affairs were prospering satisfactorily.

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He smiled genially to himself as he gathered from the table in one capacious hand all the pieces of bread his beloved niece had broken up, and advanced again to the open window. Waiting here till one of the dingy gulls moving aimlessly about was headed toward him, he tossed out a fragment. The bird dashed at it with a scream, and on the instant the whole squawking flock were on wing. He suffered the hubbub to proceed unappeased for a little, while he kept a watchful though furtive eye on that balcony to the left, below. Unhappily, he could not get out far enough to see whether the inner curtains of its windows were drawn. He threw another bit of bread, and then looked at his watch. It was a few minutes past nine. Surely people traveling to see scenery would be up by this hour.

The strategy of issuing just enough bread to keep the feathered concourse in motion commended itself to his mind. As a precautionary measure, he took all the rolls remaining on the table, and put them in the drawer of a desk by the window. It even occurred to him to ring for more bread, but upon consideration that seemed too daring. The waiter would be sufficiently surprised at the party's appetites as it was.

Half an hour later his plan of campaign suddenly yielded a victory. Lady Cressage appeared on her balcony, clad in some charming sort of morning gown, and bareheaded. She had nothing in her hands, and seemed indifferent to the birds, but when Thorpe flung forth a handful of fragments into the centre of their whirling flock she looked up at him. It was the anxious instant, and he ventured upon what he hoped was a decorous compromise between a bow and a look of recognition.

She was in no haste to answer either. He could see rather than hear that she said something to her invisible companion within, the while she glanced serenely in the general direction of his balcony. It seemed to him that the answer to her remark, whatever it was, must have exerted a direct influence upon his destiny, for Lady Cressage all at once focussed her vague regard upon him for an instant, and then nodded with a reasonably gracious smile.

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"It's wonderful luck to find you here," he called down to her. Having played their part, he wished now that the birds were in Jericho. Their obstreperous racket made conversation very difficult. Apparently, she made him an answer, but he could catch nothing of it.

"I'm here with my niece and nephew," he shouted down. "I don't hear what you say. May I come down and pay my respects,—later on? What is your number, and when may I come?"

These questions, as he flashed them in review through his mind, seemed to be all right from the most exacting social point of view. Doubtless it was equally all right that, before replying, she should consult her companion, as she did at some length. Then she replied, and he had no difficulty now in hearing her above the birds, that it would be very nice of him to come, say, in an hour's time. She told him the number of her room, and then almost abruptly went in.

Thorpe, during this hour that ensued, smoked with volcanic energy. He tried to interest himself in one after another of half a dozen Tauchnitz novels his niece carried about, with a preposterous absence of success. He strove to arrange in some kind of sequence the things that he should say, when this momentous interview should begin, but he could think of nothing which did not sound silly. It would be all right, he argued to himself in the face of this present mental barrenness; he always talked well enough on the spur of the moment when the time came,—and still was not reassured to any extent.

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He wondered if both ladies would be there to receive him, and decided that they would probably regard that as indispensable to the proprieties. In that case, their conversation would necessarily be of the most casual and general character. He would tell them a good deal about his niece, he foresaw. A man traveling about with a niece,—and such a delightfully ladylike and engaging little niece,—would take on some added interest and dignity, he perceived, in the eyes of ladies traveling alone.

He essayed to estimate just how much they would probably like Julia. Of course, he would say nothing about her mother and the bookshop; a vague allusion to a widowed sister would be ample on that head. But there could be confident references to Cheltenham; he knew from what Julia had said that it suggested the most satisfactory social guarantees, if taken strictly by itself. And then so much would depend upon Julia herself! If she succeeded in striking up a friendship with them,—ah, then everything would be all right.

Perhaps they would take a fancy to Alfred, too! He was a boy, of course, but conceivably the fact that he wanted to paint, and knew about pictures, would appeal to them. He seemed to have heard somewhere that artists were the very devil among women.

At last the weary time of waiting had worn itself out somehow, and, after a final polishing before his glass, he went down, and found his right corridor, and knocked at the door. A pleasant voice bade him enter, and, hat and gloves in hand, he went in.

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As he had imagined, both ladies were present. He had not been prepared, however, for the fact that it was the American who played the part of hostess. It was she who received him, and invited him to sit down, and generally made him free of the apartment. When he shook hands with Lady Cressage, there was somehow an effect of the incidental in the ceremony, as if she were also a guest.

Nothing could have been simpler or more pleasing than the little visit turned out to be. Miss Madden had suddenly grown tired of the snowless and dripping English winter, and had as promptly decided to come to Switzerland, where the drifts ought to be high enough, and the frosts searching enough, in all conscience.

They had selected Territet because it was familiar to her, and because it was on the way to Martigny and Brieg, and she had had a notion of crossing either the Simplon or the St. Bernard in winter. As she found now, the St. Bernard was quite impracticable, but admittedly a post-road was kept open over the Simplon. It was said now that she would not be allowed to proceed by this, but it often happened that she did the things that she was not allowed to do. The hotel people at both Brieg and Berisal had written refusing to let their horses attempt the Simplon journey, and they were, of course, quite within their rights, but there were other

horses in Switzerland. One surely could buy horses, and so on, when one wished to.

Thorpe also had his turn at autobiography. He told rather whimsically of his three months' experiences at the tail of the juvenile whirligigs, and his auditors listened to them with mild smiles. He ventured upon numerous glowing parentheses about Julia, and they at least did not say that they did not want to know her. They heard with politeness, too, what he could contrive to drag in about his artist-nephew, and said it must be very pleasant for him to have such nice company. At least, Miss Madden said this; her companion, as he thought it over afterward, seemed hardly to have said anything at all. She answered the few remarks which he found it possible to direct to her, but the responses took no hold upon his memory. He fancied that she was bored or unhappy, or both.

Finally, in the midst of commonplaces which, to his apprehension, were verging upon flatness, a sudden and bold inspiration disclosed itself,—as splendid as the Dent-du-Midi revealing its glaciers above the mounting sunrise,—in his brain.

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"We should all be charmed if you would come up and dine with us to-night," he said, under the abrupt impulsion of this idea. "It's been an age since we wanderers have had the privilege of company at our table!"

The felicity of these phrases from his lips attracted his admiring attention, even while he waited in suspense for an answer to them.

The ladies exchanged a look. "Yes," said Miss Madden, after the slightest of pauses, "we shall be very happy."

Shortly thereafter Thorpe took his leave, and went downstairs and out. He wandered about till luncheon time, observing the mountains across the lake from various standpoints, and, as it were, with new eyes. He was interested in them in a curious new fashion; they seemed to say things to him. His lip curled once at the curious conceit that he was one of the Alps himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

Pictures by Henry Hutt

EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER

AFTER the first period of renewed sorrow and realization aroused by personal contact with Weecapaug associations, Louise drifted back into the enjoyment of the ideal life,—the life that dreamed itself away. The fruit of the tree of knowledge is not palatable to the idealist, the happiest among mortals, as he is fed only upon the beautiful; the most miserable when practical truth is forced upon him.

Louise was learning that everything having one side must have another; that impulse, not premeditation, is responsible for the majority of wrongs. This recognition had not come to Louise all at once; each day since her father's death had been a hard lesson, and now that her conscience permitted her to drift again on the plea of rest for body and mind she experienced a child's holiday feeling. The temptation to send for Layton grew stronger every day. Why must she go back to hard lessons in misery instead of drifting to his side, thus releasing him from his vow and making life easier for both?

This was the question which haunted her days. If he could keep his word for six months, he could for twelve or forever, and then she pictured him emaciated and haggard in the struggle.

Every morning on waking she listened for his voice, in hopes that he might come by accident. That would have solved the difficulty. If he came without her bidding she would not be responsible for helping him break his promise to wait a year. But he did not come. Layton was a man of his word. She grew restless. Even Ol could not interest her long at a time, and the sound of the sea irritated her; it chained her mind to the persistent thought of her lover.

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A letter came from Mr. Clarendon which she left unanswered. Perhaps she would have succumbed to the temptation to be happy with Layton at the expense of her conscience had she not been a very proud woman, whose growing affliction humbled her in her own estimation, thus increasing her appreciation of what she deemed Layton's generosity in offering to give his life into the keeping of a blind woman. Intuitively she knew that any weakening on her own part would lessen his respect for her, and still she longed for happiness.

She was growing morbid and nervous over her own lack of decision, when early in September she received a letter from Mrs. Strangemore asking her to come back at once to pacify little Nellie, who, in an extreme illness, cried for "Mamma Lulu," as she called Louise. This message was decisive.

She left the next day for Chicago, glad of some outside force urging her beyond temptation. Uncle Billy went out to Chicago with her, ostensibly to defend her from any possible dangers she might encounter owing to her failing sight; but undoubtedly his curiosity concerning what he, in grim humor, called her disreputable living among Mrs. Strangemore's protégées, influenced his going.

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Out there he met Mr. Clarendon, and immediately, in his headlong way, conceived an aversion for him which he took no pains to conceal. Baby Nellie recovered, but Louise experienced that exultant glow which fills us all at the thought of being necessary to others, and of fulfilling a definite purpose. The demands of the child's love had saved her in a time of weakness; she rejoiced that her presence strengthened the child.

Mr. Everett remained but a short time. On leaving he referred to Christmas, when he and Everett would expect to have Louise with them; but she shook her head doubtfully, eliciting from him considerable bluster about the whimsicalities of modern women who play with reform.

The autumn passed monotonously. Louise was living only for that Christmas time when her lover would come for her and take her with him back to Uncle Billy. She believed so implicitly in the message he would send her as a Christmas offering, and in his immediate following after the message, that she had made up her mind to marry him there at once, under Mrs. Strangemore's roof and protection,—provided that was what Everett would wish, she added in her thoughts, coloring and smiling at the thought of him.

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Had she possessed a home or family the conditions would have been otherwise, but as it was she pictured Doctor Layton's commanding and caressing letter, beginning with "I am ready." Then he would appear as soon as her reply could reach him and the trip out to Chicago could be made.

In the midst of her happy imaginings there would flash over her the recollections of her increasing ocular disability; then her heart would stop beating happiness and fall heavily, as a shudder passed over her. Her thoughts would moan, "How can I burden him with my life? Love makes me do it, Everett. What if you should ever regret! Even then you would not let me feel my blindness, my incompetency, dearest, for you are such a generous man. I have conquered my pride because I am too selfish to let you go. Christmas is so long in coming! I said I would go to him, but of course he understands I couldn't do that unless it were absolutely necessary. I shall be so glad to say honestly, 'I understand you as well as I love you now, Everett.' I would give ten years of my life to be a beautiful, capable woman, with eyes, but perhaps he wouldn't care so much then; he is like Uncle Billy,—he loves me better for my helplessness,—and loves to take care of me. It is beautiful the way they do it, and I never had any one to take care of me,—as they would,—in all my life."

Mrs. Strangemore noticed an unusual excitement in Louise's manner all during the week before Christmas. She had never heard of Doctor Layton until Mr. Everett accompanied her friend back to Chicago. She merely smiled at her friend's symptoms, and thanked her for the months they had passed together.

"Don't thank me," replied Louise. "I owe you so much." She paused a moment, and then continued consciously, with a slight tremble of her lips: "Perhaps I shall ask another favor of you in a little while. I cannot tell you now,—perhaps I can to-morrow, after dinner. I think that would be a good time, don't you?"

"Any time would be good for me to grant you a favor, my dear. It sounds like something very big. Is it?"

"It is very big to me," said Louise happily.

The Christmas time brought back distinctly to Louise her sorrow in her father's absence. They had always made a great event of the holiday season together, and Louise caught herself listening for his voice and step. She could not yet realize that never again would he waken her with his "Merry Christmas, daughter!" Christmas gift! No matter where they had been during their years of wandering, the Professor never failed to fill her stocking and hang it, full of remembrances, on her door knob of a Christmas morning.

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But with this sad sense of her loss was mingled the keenest joy her life had ever known. As she dressed, Christmas morning, she almost felt that letter from Layton, which she knew was waiting for her on the breakfast table, where the morning's mail was always found. She saw the kind of stationery he would use, and how her name would look written in his hurried, inky writing.

She sang as she dressed, and Mrs. Strangemore, in her own room, imagined she knew a secret; as the girl went downstairs she controlled her tendency to run, but the beats of her heart accelerated, thumping and bumping against each other as she reached the dining-room door, where Mrs. Strangemore met and detained her by a Christmas morning kiss. As her friend held her, Louise looked over Mrs. Strangemore's shoulder at her place at the dining-table. She saw no letter. She looked again. There was nothing there. "Has the mail come yet?" she asked Mrs. Strangemore.

"Yes; Ellen left it all at my place this morning."

Louise moved quickly toward the pile of letters and packages. She rapidly looked them over,—a letter from Mr. Everett; several from different friends and acquaintances; one from Mr. Clarendon; some small packages,—evidently Christmas tokens,—that was all.

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"Is there another mail to-day?" asked Louise, looking up at Mrs. Strangemore anxiously.

"No; this is a legal holiday, you remember, dear. Isn't what you want there?"

"No," said Louise, dropping the letters on the table. "It has not come, and I have waited a whole year for it."

"Tell me, Louise, if you will." Mrs. Strangemore moved toward her with one of her exquisitely sympathetic movements.

"No; I can't now, Grace. I can't talk. Perhaps some time. Let us have breakfast."

Louise's face had grown whiter, and had hardened, but she ate her breakfast calmly; they talked of the day's festivities.

"You are forgetting your mail, Louise. Won't you read the other letters?" asked Mrs. Strangemore as they left the room.

"Yes, thank you. I forgot them. This is one from Mr. Everett, isn't it?—from Uncle Billy,—perhaps he will explain,—he may be ill. Thanks; I will take them upstairs and read them. I'll be ready by ten o'clock."

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"Don't go, Louise, unless you feel just like it," said Mrs. Strangemore, whose position was trying, because, having seen Mr. Clarendon's writing on one of the letters, she found that her intuition had served her falsely,—he was not the man, and there was nothing for her to offer in the way of comfort.

Louise opened Mr. Everett's letter with her forefinger as she went upstairs, and began reading the letter held close to her eyes as she felt her way along. It was in his usual hearty vein, relating some jokes about Ol and Melissa, and conveying their Christmas remembrances; but Doctor Layton was not mentioned, except at the close:

> "Everett will be with me on Christmas Day as usual. How we shall miss you and your dear father! I must confess that if you were not Louise I should be hurt at your absence. As it is, I try to believe Tom's girl has some good reason."

"Doesn't he understand anything without being told!" cried Louise, as she sat on the side of the bed, his letter in her hand, the others fallen on the floor at her feet unnoticed. "How could I go to his house, as if I

"Everett! Everett! I trusted you so! How could you fail me?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was begun in the issue of the POST for November 12, 1898.

were thrusting myself upon his nephew,—a poor, blind mortal, of no use to anybody! It's just as well I did not go, as his nephew has failed me. Everett! Everett! I believed in you as I would in myself! Perhaps he dreads the sacrifice when it comes to the point. No; I don't believe that. He doesn't know what considering himself means. No; he must have failed in his effort to satisfy me. I could forgive even that now. If I were not going blind,—if I could only be sure that he loved me, I would write and tell him so."

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She sat thinking for half an hour, until her faith in his love for her returned, then with a heavy sobbing sigh she put Mr. Everett's letter back into its envelope, leaning down and slowly picking up the others spread about on the floor. She read several of them indifferently, then broke the seal of Mr. Clarendon's, with a mental question as to what he could have to say. His letter was a proposal of marriage. He wrote that, because she had avoided him, he was compelled to convey to her in this way what he felt and desired. She read it through, then laughed mockingly as she exclaimed aloud: "A love letter from the wrong man! A farce, isn't it?" then throwing herself back on the bed, she called reproachfully, as if he could hear: "Everett! Everett! I trusted you so! How could you fail me?"

Mr. Clarendon's letter fell to the floor with the rest, and she lay still, with her hands clinched in the pillows in which her face was hidden. Mrs. Strangemore called her. She hurriedly changed her dress, and went out of the house with cold eyes and narrowed lips.

She could not talk until they returned in the afternoon, when she tried to explain to her friend, but broke down in the effort. As she sat trying to swallow her sobs of self-pity, the maid came in with a yellow envelope, asking if Miss Fremont had not seen the telegram for her on the hall table. It had come just after they left in the morning. Louise read hurriedly:

"Merry Christmas. I am ready. Wire Shannock."

All she realized at first were the words, "I am ready." Looking up at Mrs. Strangemore standing by she exclaimed: "It is from him! He has not failed me, after all! I am so glad to know it that—I can hardly speak!"

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She read it over again, while Mrs. Strangemore stood awaiting a solution of the mystery. This time as she read Louise was struck with the strangeness of a lover's message conveyed by wire in those few, abrupt words when the post was available. "Wire Shannock." How strange! What was she to wire to Shannock? Oh, yes; the agreement was that she was to go to him, but she could not do that. In the first place, she had no one to travel with; and, secondly, any man ought to know that she would naturally expect him to come to her, no matter what she had said a year before. However, he, of course, could not be certain how she might receive his message. Yes, she must telegraph him at once. All of this flashed through her mind before she spoke again, asking: "Grace, can your man send a telegram for me?"

"Certainly. Write it, and I'll send it."

"Yes, I will,—at once; then when you send it, come back to me for a few moments before the guests arrive, and I will explain to you. I don't know what to say. I expected a long letter from him, and have received a few words, which, though the ones I have waited for, are not easy to answer by telegraph. Give me a minute to think."

She leaned her head on her left hand, stared out of the window a few moments, then wrote on a slip of paper:

"So glad. Cannot go to you now. Cannot see my way. Write."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TOLD AFTER DINNER

When the Bank Clerk Was Answered

AN OLD Pennsylvania farmer recently came into possession of a check for $200. He had little experience with checks, and for a long time he could not muster up the courage to have it cashed. Finally, while on a trip to Philadelphia, he summoned up nerve enough, and, strolling into the bank, presented the check.

The teller glanced at it hastily, and then, after the fashion of his kind, brusquely asked:

"What denominations?"

"Lutheran, gol durn it! But what's that got tew do with it?" as brusquely replied the old farmer, to the great astonishment of the bank official and bystanders.

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Not His Brother's Keeper

A HERCULEAN locksmith, who was out of work, obtained temporary employment as a laborer on one of our large railways. He was set to work with an "old hand" to shovel cinders into a wagon.

When the foreman went to see how they were progressing, he observed that the "old hand" was shoveling twice to the big locksmith's once, and he remarked to the latter:

"Look here, my man; Jack is throwing two shovelfuls into the wagon to your one."

"Well, master," replied the locksmith, "I've told the fool about it."

THE JOSKINS JAR

THE QUEER CLAUSE IN MY UNCLE'S WILL

BY MARSHALL STEELE WITH DRAWINGS BY F. R. GRUGER

MY UNCLE JOSKINS had two hobbies,—collecting curiosities and making wills. His wills were as numerous as his curiosities, and much more remarkable. They teemed with eccentric conditions and imbecile instructions to his heir, for the time being. That favored mortal was always either Jessica or myself. One of us was forever being cut off with the conventional shilling, while the other was substituted as the future possessor of Uncle Joskins' thousands (there were seventy of them, and not to be despised).

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The most trivial annoyance was enough to evoke from him the stern order, "Send for Verinder." Then Verinder, who was his counselor, would come, a new will would be drafted, and Uncle Joskins would call the disinherited one before him and announce the change which he proposed to make in his "testamentary dispositions." This queer propensity of his induced Jessica to keep him acquainted with all my delinquencies and deviations from the pathway of rigid virtue, while it was my frequent privilege by timely representations to the old man to damage my fair cousin's prospects even to dispossession.

In the dark days of disinheritance my soul sickened for Jessica; life seemed a blank without her, and I yearned to call her mine. Yet, whenever I was restored to Uncle Joskins' favor and the pride of place in his will, the lost sense of manly independence returned to me, and I knew that I could fight the battle of life without her help. Jessica, however, at such times treated me with exceptional tenderness, and made it clear that neither Verinder, Junior, the embryo barrister, nor Meadows, the fledged tea broker, could deprive me of the first place in her affections. Now, at other times each of them was more highly favored by her than I.

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Uncle Joskins "collected" in Wardour Street and the purlieus of St. Martin's Lane. His tastes were catholic and his faith invincible. Sharing Mr. Wemmick's views with reference to portable property, he would buy anything which was reputed to be more than two hundred years old, and which he could carry away in a hansom. He would believe implicitly any fairy tale the seller might tell about the thing sold, and he imposed a like belief on every member of his household.

To hint a doubt as to the genuineness of any article in the "collection" was to make him your mortal enemy; and never shall I forget that awful day in my boyhood, when in playful mood I put a mud-stained earthenware crock in his museum and labeled it, irreverently, "Potsherd with which Job scraped himself." I was incontinently struck out of the will, and for months the old man refused to see or speak to me. I greatly feared that I should never be forgiven, and doubtless my fears would have been realized if, happily for me, Jessica had not managed to break an "ancient Venetian bottle" (made in Germany three years ago). Then once again I was the heir, and Jessica was gracious and tender to me.

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The gem of the collection, dear to Uncle Joskins as the apple of his eye, was an Amphora, which the old noodle seriously believed to have been part of the household goods of Diodorus Siculus. Gratner, dealer in old curiosities, and resident in Soho, had sold with the jug a full description of its life and adventures, written with a lively inventiveness and fertility of fancy rare even in a historian. Uncle Joskins believed every word of Gratner's story,—even the most apparently improbable parts of it,—and brought his treasure home in triumph.

Next day a new catalogue of the collection was put in order, in which were full-sized colored representations of the Amphora (now christened the "Joskins Jar") from every conceivable point of view. It was Jessica who suggested the alliterative title of the jug, and the suggestion at once made £70,000 difference in my prospects. For Verinder was sent for once again, and Jessica was made chief beneficiary under the will. Having thus deprived me of my birthright, Uncle Joskins met with his deserts. He fell ill, very ill,—too ill, indeed, for my liking. I didn't mind his having gout and plenty of it; but gout in his stomach together with a will in Jessica's favor were more than any human being could bear with equanimity, and I confess it was too great a combination for me.

My anxious longing for the old man's recovery was fast becoming an illness to me, when, on calling to inquire after him one evening, I heard the glad tidings that Verinder had been again summoned.

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This time Jessica, it seemed, had actually offered the invalid some burned porridge, an offense for which Uncle Joskins thought exclusion from his will was all too mild a punishment. But great as was the old man's wrath, it was but as a stiff breeze compared with the howling tornado of his fury next morning, when it was discovered that the Joskins Jar was missing!

For once in my life I really pitied Jessica. She kept house for Uncle Joskins, and thus was directly responsible for the safety of the collection, which, indeed, was placed in her immediate charge. If she came in for a five-pound note now she might consider herself lucky,—under the circumstances.

"Now, mind this, Humphrey," said the old man to me that morning, as I handed him his porridge (cooked to perfection, by the by), "my money will go to the person, I don't care who it is, who recovers that priceless relic. So, if you want to succeed to my estate, young man, the best thing you can do is to set about finding the jar without any further delay."

"Certainly, my dear uncle," said I; "but don't you think it might be better to leave your fortune to some one who, like myself, for instance, would spend it to the uttermost farthing in the search for the oldest Amphora in the world,—and so perpetuate your name?"

"Perhaps it might, my boy; perhaps it might, but I think," he added with a cunning little wink, "I'll try my plan. However, you sha'n't be entirely forgotten. Now, go; that's Verinder's knock; and tell that abominably neglectful girl to come up with him."

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Before I left the house I gleaned from the servants and Jessica all available particulars which might throw light on the origin of the robbery. They were woefully scanty. The jar was in its place on its accustomed stand when the maid went in to draw down the blinds in the museum on the previous evening, and was missing when she went to draw them up twelve hours later. The museum window, which opened on to some leads whence there was an easy drop into the garden, was open, and the maid was prepared to swear that it was shut on the previous evening. And that was all the information to be got.

Had there been a burglary? The detectives, who were on the spot, said "No"; wherefore I, who had no respect for detectives, said "Yes." This opinion was shared by Mr. Traceham, the private inquiry agent, whom Jessica had called in.

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"Looks to me uncommon like Crafty Choggie's work, sir," he said; "uncommon. It's just his style."

"Who is Crafty Choggie?" I asked.

"You don't know, sir?" this with a pitying smile. "And this is fame! Why, sir, Crafty Choggie is the artfullest, cleverest burglar that ever cracked a crib."

Then a brilliant idea flashed on me. If there was one man in London more likely than another to be acquainted with this celebrated character it was Jimmy Howe, whose ostensible calling of bird fancier covered a multitude of offenses against the law. All the riff-raff of the sporting world knew Jimmy, and were known of him. Wherefore I repaired to Jimmy at once.

An earnest assurance that I intended no harm, but good, to Crafty Choggie was readily accepted and believed by Jimmy, yet failed to call that worthy to his recollection; but the deposit of a five-pound note quickened Jimmy's sluggish memory, and even elicited from him a promise that the great burglar should call on me shortly.

Next morning, as I sat at breakfast, injuring my digestion with a third kidney, there came a knock at my oak. (I live in chambers in Bloomsburg.) I rose and opened the door to an utterly impossible missionary.

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He wore a dilapidated, Archidiaconal hat, and the rest of his attire seemed to have been copied with faithful accuracy from Phiz's picture of Mr. Stiggins, even to the well-worn black cloth gloves, through the holes in which his dirty fingers offensively obtruded themselves on my view.

"I have called, dear brother," he began, with a little deferential cough, "on behalf of the 'Ome for Inebriate Orphans. The collection of subscriptions 'as been committed to my charge——"

"And you'll be committed to the charge of a policeman if you don't take yourself off,"

"—I shall 'ave a different disguise each time"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Joskins Jar, originally appeared in Black and White.

I said, preparing to shut the door in his face. "Here, just 'old 'ard, Governor," he cried, thrusting his foot in between door and doorpost. "I've come to see you by appointment. I'm Mr. Chawles Cragley, that's my nime. 'Crafty Choggie,' you know."

"Come in, then," I said, showing him into the sitting-room. "Why the deuce do you get yourself up like that?"

"It's one of my little disguises," he answered with evident pride, "but, bless you, this is nothink to what I can do. I'm a born actor, I am. Per'aps, now, you're wanting to bring me out on the stige?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Cragley," I hastened to assure him. "I have no such idea."

"Well," he said, "Jimmy certainly told me you wanted to see me perfessionally."

"Quite right, Mr. Cragley; so I do. I may be able to put a little job in your way, although, perhaps, it's not quite in your regular line of business."

"And what might my regular line of business be, now?" he asked in an aggressive tone, at the same time removing his long black wig, and sitting down.

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"Have you ever seen anything like this?" As I spoke I thrust the catalogue picture of the Joskins Jar before him.

"If I 'ad, I shouldn't remember it. A perfessional man ain't got no time to notice sech bloomin' old flowerpots."

"Nevertheless, a house was burgled two days ago, in which there were plenty of things worth taking, but the only thing missing is that flowerpot, as you call it. And Traceham said he thought it was your work. I mean the burglary,—not the manufacture."

"Wot! Me crack a crib and 'ave nothink better to show for my 'ard work than that!"

"Mr. Cragley," I said, "look at this picture once again. I'd give a hundred pounds to get that jar back. I want it."

"Why, now you talk sense," he cried enthusiastically. "You'll pay one 'undred golden guineas——"

"Sovereigns, Cragley," I interposed.

"Perfessional fees is allus paid in guineas, as well you must know, Mr. Bandon," he said reprovingly. "One 'undred golden guineas, or we will say for your conwenience, sir," he went on, with the air of one who was making a large concession, "one 'undred and five pound, all in gold, for that there pot. And you've called me in a perfessional way to trice it. I'm to go round to the 'fences,' and inquire of my pals, and survey in a perfessional way the premises of them wot's likely to care for such a thing, sich as British Museums, and nursery gardeners, and that—that's about what I'm to do, ain't it, sir?"

"I want the jar, Mr. Cragley; but you must understand that I can't countenance any breach of the law in order——"

"Say no more, sir," he interrupted me with an approving smile. "I'm fly. You want the jar, and you'll pay me one 'undred and five pound, all in gold, and expenses for it,—and expenses, with," he added, sternly repressing my attempted correction, "with the usual advance on account. Three pound that will be, as well you know, sir. And where did this little ewent tike plice?"

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I gave him such information as I deemed necessary, and advanced the three pounds. Mr. Cragley then took his departure.

"I shall call on you wery soon, sir, to let you know 'ow I'm gittin' on, when," he added with hospitable warmth, "I shall 'ope to 'ave the pleasure of drinking your 'ealth. I shall come disguised, sir; I shall 'ave a different disguise each time."

He had. He came as a banker, a bishop, a country squire, a wicked Jew moneylender, and a languid member of an effete aristocracy. All these characters were dressed in the style usual at transpontine theatres. But, as a rule, he would favor some religious denomination by donning the habiliments which he conceived to be peculiar to one of its dignitaries.

As his success only consisted in finding where the Amphora was not, his services were of a purely negative description, except that he would frequently recite to me his amended version of the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth.

Meanwhile, Uncle Joskins died. I, of course, attended the funeral as chief mourner; but Jessica left the day before to join an old aunt who was going to spend the winter at the Riviera. After the funeral, old Verinder and I discussed a bottle of Uncle Joskins' best Amontillado, and I learned the exact terms of his most curious will.

"Prepare yourself for a surprise, Mr. Bandon," said the lawyer, "for the conditions of the will are not quite what you expected. The terms of it were suggested by your fair cousin, and so took the fancy of my late lamented client that he at once adopted them by entering them in his will."

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I stared open-eyed at the lawyer, wondering what this exordium might portend.

"Miss Jessica," he went on, "showed the greatest grief for the loss of the Amphora and the most earnest desire for its recovery. The best way to effect this object was, as she very sensibly explained, to offer the highest possible reward to the person who should restore it. 'Offer,' she said, 'as reward, uncle, the whole of your fortune and me, too.' 'What the dickens do you mean by that, Jessica?' he asked her. Then she told him, and the result was that after a few legacies, the most important of which was a sum of £500 to you, he left everything he had in trust for her,—hush, my dear sir; pray don't shock me by the use of strong language. The fortune is not hers yet, and probably never will be, for there are stringent conditions to be satisfied before she can touch a penny of it. First of all, the Amphora must be recovered within three months of Mr. Joskins' death. Next, she must marry the man who recovers it, or forfeit to him five-sixths of the estate. Should the jar not be found within the prescribed time, then the whole property is to be spent in building and furnishing a Public Museum for the exhibition of the Joskins collection. Now, Mr. Bandon, if you have any regard for your pretty cousin——"

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"My affection for her was never so great as now," I interposed gravely.

"Then set to work at once to find the missing treasure. By the by," he said, with a curious twinkle in his eyes, "I suppose you know that there is a private mark on it, known to no living person as yet, but described in a sealed packet which has been placed in my charge?"

That was awkward. I should have to countermand the order I had sent to Staffordshire for the manufacture of another Joskins jar. I ascertained from Verinder that his son and Meadows were each determined to spare no effort to win Jessica and her fortune, and the knowledge goaded me to new exertions. I worked day and night.

To every curiosity dealer in London I sent a copy of the catalogue with a picture of the jar in colors; and I offered fifty pounds for its recovery. Then I waited for an answer, but for many days none came. At last I heard one afternoon from Holditch, of Soho, that he had acquired possession of the veritable Joskins Jar.

"I sold it to the late Mr. Joskins, and have often seen it since in his collection, so that I can swear to its identity," he wrote.

I was off to Mr. Holditch's as fast as a hansom could take me.

"Too late, I'm sorry to say, sir," was Mr. Holditch's greeting. "You see, another gent, a Mr. Meadows, he advertised for the jar, and offered a hundred reward, so of course I wrote to him as well as you; and he called and took it away half an hour ago."

I went home a heart-broken man. Despair held me for her own, and I was seeking comfort vainly from my Tantalus, when there came a sharp knock at my oak. Cragley!

And he was a professional burglar!

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"Number 7, Bacon's Buildings, second floor, name Meadows," I hurriedly whispered in Cragley's ear, an hour later as he rose to go. And mind you don't forget this."

This was a telegram to Meadows, summoning him to the death-bed of his aunt at Clapham.

Three hours later Cragley returned enveloped from top to toe in a long cloak. Under his arm he held a large parcel done up in excelsior and thick brown paper, which he handed me. I opened it with trembling fingers, and saw to my unutterable relief and joy that it was the Joskins Jar.

"'E'd locked it in a sife in 'is room," said Cragley. "But there ain't many locks I can't unpick."

"Cragley," I cried enthusiastically, "I'll double your reward. I'll give you another hundred the day I'm married."

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"You mean a thousand, sir. I treat you fair and honorable. When I said a 'undred, I didn't know the fax. It worn't right of you, sir," he added reproachfully, "to deceive a poor burglar. Now I knows everything, and I says, fair and manly, to you, 'Gimme a thousand more.' I did think of marrying the lidy myself, but as I 'ave a wife already, living down Poplar way, it might be awkward. My idea was to go to her as a Irish landlord in distress (I can do the brogue fine), but the money would allus be hers, and it's money I want more'n another wife. Theerfor you can tike her, but treat me honorable. Tike your solemn alfred daivd to pay me a thousand the day you're married, and,"—he seemed to expand with generosity,—"I'll believe you."

"But how am I to account for the jar coming into my possession?" I asked him, after I had taken the required oath.

He smiled at me in a superior way.

"You leave that to me and my pals. I'll arrange that little business. Now, sir, that jar 'as got to be guarded careful, and I'm the man to do it. Consekently, I don't go out of this here set of rooms till you're married. I'm going to stay with you."

"But hang it all, I can't put you up. I'll have no excuse for having you here."

"As your walet," he went on, disregarding the interruption. "As your walet. I have come disguised for the part."

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So saying, he threw open his cloak, and burst on me in the full glory of a footman's livery. He had on a green coat, crimson plush waistcoat, yellow velvet smalls, and pink stockings!

"Cragley, your taste and ingenuity are beyond dispute. In the halls of the high-born I have no doubt that this uniform is the usual costume of a valet. I, however, am but an humble commoner, and must insist on your wearing an humbler garb,—an old dress suit of mine, for instance."

He gave me to understand, in his most original way, that he had no objection to using my suit, so he was forthwith arrayed in it,—much to my concealed disgust.

He stayed with me until the end of the three months, when Jessica returned from abroad, and Mr. Verinder summoned me to meet her at his office. Verinder, Junior, and Meadows were also there when I arrived.

"Hello! What's this?" said Mr. Verinder as I handed him my precious parcel.

"This, sir," I answered, "is the Joskins Jar. The genuine jar, sir."

"Why, you confounded thief," burst out Meadows, "it was you who stole it from my rooms, was it?"

"Mr. Meadows," I said stiffly, "I can fully and honorably account for the way this jar came into my possession."

"I know nothing about that," interrupted old Verinder, "but this isn't the Joskins Jar! It hasn't the private mark."

"I bought it at Holditch's," said Meadows.

"Ah!" cried the lawyer, "that accounts for it, if this is the same jar as you bought. Holditch sold the original to Mr. Joskins. The old rogue had another made like it, I suppose."

"What do you say to this?" asked Verinder, Junior.

"That," replied his father, after a careful survey of the Amphora his son handed to him, "is the Joskins Jar. See, here is the private mark. My boy, I congratulate you."

"George, I accept you," said the unblushing Jessica.

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He winked at her, he positively winked at her, as he took her into his arms. A light broke in on my bewildered brain.

"It's a fraud, an abominable fraud from beginning to end!" I cried.

"Say, rather, an ingeniously constructed plot, my dear Humphrey," said Jessica. "Dear uncle was so constantly changing his will that I could never feel sure whether you or I would inherit his riches; and so,—I don't mind telling you the whole truth, because you can't do me any harm,—so I arranged the disappearance of the Amphora, and suggested that my hand should be offered with the fortune as a reward to the finder. And George found it,—curiously enough."

"Oh! yes, George found it," said he, grinning; "took it away with me, old man, the night before it was missed."

"Well, I paid a hundred for that jar that Bandon has annexed, and I'm hanged if I don't make him pay me back," said Meadows.

"Yes, I should advise you to do so," said old Verinder. And ultimately I did.

Cragley is still with me as valet, and vows he will never leave me while he lives, and I greatly fear he never will.

"—this isn't the Joskins Jar! It hasn't the private mark"

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When the Archbishop was Suspected

THE Archbishop of Canterbury is singular among the roll of English Primates for his hatred of pomp and decoration. Once, when the guest of a country clergyman, he was much annoyed by the display of silver candlesticks in his room.

After His Lordship's departure these silver candlesticks were nowhere to be seen. The distressed clergyman at once wrote to the Bishop, as he then was, telling him of his loss, and adding: "Can you tell us what has happened?" The reply came by wire: "Poor, but honest; look in the chest."

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Saving the Nation Needless Expense

A NEW post-office was established in a small village way out West, and a native of the soil was appointed postmaster. After a while complaints were made that no mail was sent out from the new office, and an inspector was sent to inquire into the matter.

He called upon the postmaster and asked why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail-bag hanging up in a corner and said: "Well, I ain't sent it out 'cause the bag ain't nowhere nigh full yet!"

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Appealing to the Supreme Court

THE late Dr. John Hall told a story of a visit he made to a humble parishioner to comfort him some little under heavy trouble which had befallen.

The preacher found the homely old man in his desolate cottage, alone. He said many things; and added that we must try to take all affliction humbly, as appointed to us by Providence.

"Yes," said the good old man, who was imperfectly instructed in theology, "that's right enough, that is; but somehow that there Old Providence have bin again me all along; but I reckon as there's One Above as'll put a stopper on he if he go too fur."

A LIVING OLD MASTER
WHISTLER Seen at *Close Range*
By George Henry Payne

IN M. ROSTAND'S play, De Bret asks why the hero makes so many enemies, and Cyrano de Bergerac replies, "Because I see you make so many friends."

If you will bring Cyrano forward about two hundred years, make him a great painter instead of a third-rate poet, and have him fight his duels with the pen instead of the sword, you will have the James Abbott McNeill Whistler of to-day. If it were the fashion now to carry a sword, Whistler would undoubtedly be the greatest duelist of the day. Instead of having that delightful book, The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, we should have a much more sanguinary record, filled with many affairs like that at the Porte de Nesle, Cyrano de Whistler against "not quite a hundred men."

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America's Most Famous Artist

When the history of modern art comes to be written there is very little doubt that the name which will rank first will be that of J. A. McNeill Whistler, and if his name ranks not first also in the list of modern wits, it will be because of the quantity of his witticisms, and not because of their quality.

It is a common thing to hear him referred to as a man whose intense love of witticism leads him to make enemies without provocation. If this were so, there would be nothing lovable in his character, and the intense devotion he has inspired in certain men of brains would not be a fact.

Instead, it is his intense hate of the ridiculous that has inspired most of his controversies and given rise to most of his brightest retorts. This hate of the ridiculous, together with his pride, is the foundation of his character, and if there is any one thing that Americans can appreciate, even though they understand not always where the absurdity lies, it is a dislike of the ridiculous.

Not long after he had become recognized as one of the world's great painters, a picture painted by him in his early days in Venice

WHISTLER

FROM PRIVATE PLATE IN POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY

was put on sale in London. It attracted a good deal of attention, and Whistler, having forgotten all about it, determined to go and see it. When he arrived at the gallery he found some one on the point of buying it, and two of his friends were standing before the discovery and proclaiming its merits in enthusiastic terms.

"Did you ever see such color?" aked one. "What an exquisite composition!" exclaimed the other.

"And the beauty of outline and marvelous tone!"

"And what quality!"

"It's his greatest work!"

They paused for a moment as Whistler stepped nearer the picture, and, looking it over quietly, said: "Umph! It doesn't seem to be so very clever. I can't say that I think so much of it. Why,"—and all the contempt he is master of he put into the next line,—"it isn't half finished."

Imagine the feelings of his friends who had been so enthusiastic in their praise! But one cannot say that the reproof he administered was any too severe, though it made at least a dozen enemies for him among people who had publicly praised the picture.

On another occasion he displayed the same trait in about the same way. He had been asked to a reception given by Sir Henry Irving, and the actor, on seeing the artist enter the house, greeted him effusively, and remarked that among his choicest possessions was one of Mr. Whistler's paintings. On being taken to it, Whistler studied it carefully, and turning to his host, remarked:

"Very good, indeed, but you may not have noticed that you've hung it upside down."

With so sharp-pointed a tongue, one always ready to speak the truth, even to his own detriment, it is not difficult to conceive why he has made so many enemies.

It is safe to say that when Whistler entered the arena English art was barren, there was no man painting whose work could satisfy the highest demands, or be said to be worthy of a place by the side of the old masters. Millais, Leighton, Poynter, and the rest of them were all very clever, but they were teaching the British public to admire everything but art. Whistler remarked on one occasion, when some one had told him that Sir Frederick Leighton was a linguist, a musician and an archæologist:

"Yes, I hear he is very clever. I believe he even paints a little."

The point that those painters had missed, or perhaps the point that they were unable to understand, because they lacked the genius to put it into execution, was that a picture is beautiful because of certain qualities that are not to be found anywhere else. A picture may tell a beautiful story, but that does not make it a beautiful picture; a portrait may have for its subject a beautiful woman, but that doesn't increase the value of the picture; literary and religious ideas have nothing to do with painting except as they inspire the artist to paint beautifully. Rubens' fat women, and Titan's and Velasquez' men and women are not in themselves particularly interesting to us to-day, but nevertheless we sit and watch them, fascinated and elevated by the wonderful beauty of color and the genius that makes them live.

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Whistler's Portraits Without Faces

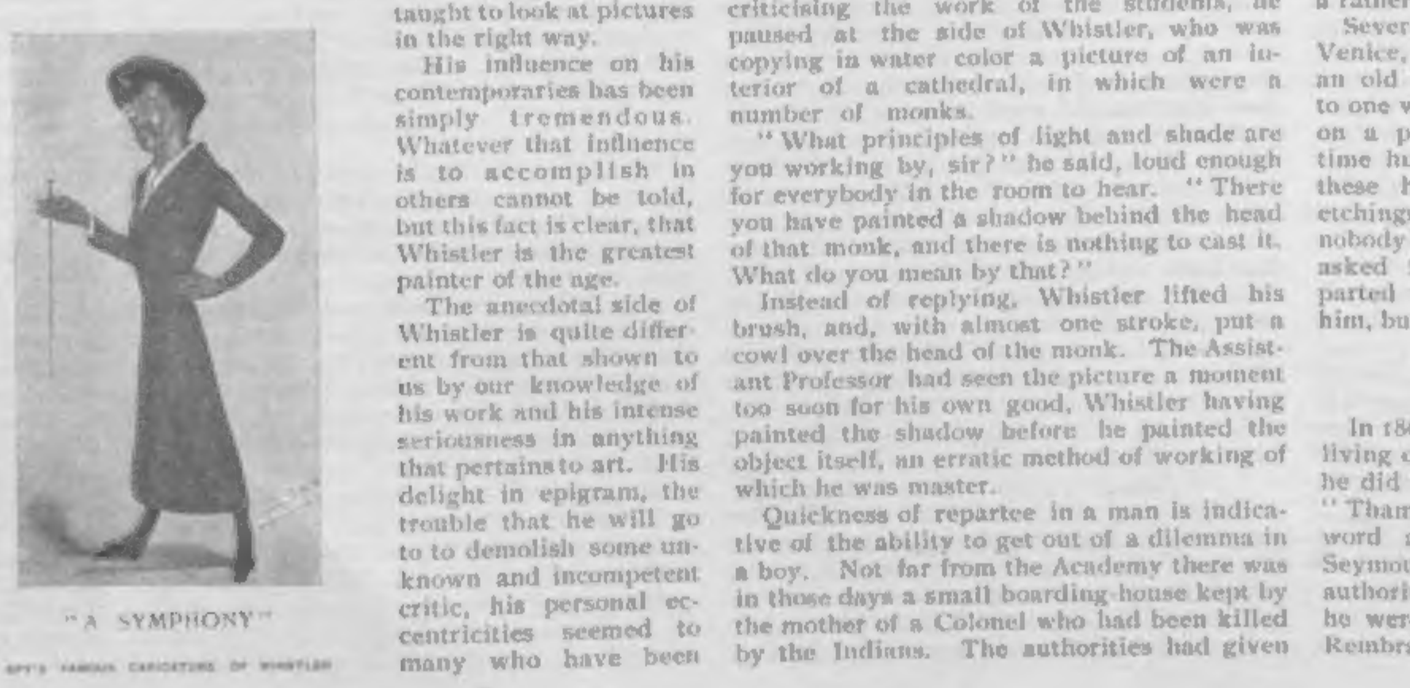
When Whistler began painting, all this was lost on that part of the English public interested in art. Sir John's portrait of Sir James divided interest with the very careful and very interesting scientific studies by Holman Hunt and Alma Tadema.

He threw down the gauntlet without any hesitation, exhibiting a picture of a woman with the face painted out. Of course, there was no end of a fuss; he was called crazy, violent, impertinent, but for once the artists were obliged to look at the painting without regard to the subject.

He kept this up by exhibiting portraits which were labeled "Arrangement in Black," "Arrangements in Gray and Green," and the consequence was that people were taught to look at pictures in the right way.

His influence on his contemporaries has been simply tremendous. Whatever that influence is to accomplish in others cannot be told, but this fact is clear, that Whistler is the greatest painter of the age.

The anecdotal side of Whistler is quite different from that shown to us by our knowledge of his work and his intense seriousness in anything that pertains to art. His delight in epigram, the trouble that he will go to to demolish some unknown and incompetent critic, his personal eccentricities seemed to many who have been watching this man to be incompatible with the immortal nature of his work. But as George Moore so neatly explained it, "Whistler, though with the genius of Rubens or a Velasquez, hasn't the same healthy body; he couldn't paint masterpiece after masterpiece the way they did, or do as Rubens did,—paint a life-size figure in the morning in time to go riding at noon."



"A SYMPHONY"

SPY'S FAMOUS CARICATURE OF WHISTLER

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The Boyhood Assertiveness of the Artist

He is a nervous nineteenth-century man, whereas the masters of other days were muscular, and had all the decisiveness of an unspeculative and phlegmatic age.

Even in his boyhood Whistler had the assertive character when he was right, and

WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER

the same readiness of idea and speech that has since become famous. His father was George Washington Whistler, a member of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., who resigned to superintend the construction of the St. Petersburg & Moscow Railroad.

Whistler was born in Baltimore in 1834, and spent his early years with his parents in Russia. On his father's death, in 1849, he returned to this country and entered the Military Academy, on receiving his appointment from President Fillmore. His classmates recall his remarkable ability at drawing, and not a few of them still have the sketches he did for them while he was a student.

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The Shadow of the Cowl

His clever work was a delight to Professor Robert Weir, instructor in drawing and painting, and a well-known American painter. This aroused the envy of the Professor's assistant, and he watched for opportunities to "call down" Whistler. On one occasion, when he was criticising the work of the students, he paused at the side of Whistler, who was copying in water color a picture of an interior of a cathedral, in which were a number of monks.

"What principles of light and shade are you working by, sir?" he said, loud enough for everybody in the room to hear. "There you have painted a shadow behind the head of that monk, and there is nothing to cast it. What do you mean by that?"

Instead of replying, Whistler lifted his brush, and, with almost one stroke, put a cowl over the head of the monk. The Assistant Professor had seen the picture a moment too soon for his own good, Whistler having painted the shadow before he painted the object itself, an erratic method of working of which he was master.

Quickness of repartee in a man is indicative of the ability to get out of a dilemma in a boy. Not far from the Academy there was in those days a small boarding-house kept by the mother of a Colonel who had been killed by the Indians. The authorities had given the old lady permission to board the cadets. As the fare of the house was of a much superior order to that of the general mess, most of the cadets were very anxious for the privilege of boarding there, and as there was only accommodation for twelve, those who had obtained seats at "Mammie's" table were considered very lucky.

Whistler was one of these lucky students, but having infringed one of the rules he was notified that his presence was no longer desirable. He felt the blow keenly, and began thinking of some way in which he could get back to the fold. Mrs. Thompson had in her parlor a portrait of her son, who had been killed, and whenever a student appeared in the house for the first time he was taken to the parlor and shown this picture, impressively told that it was a remarkable work of art, but that in no way was it so handsome as the original.

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Flattering Miss Amelia

After he had been dismissed Whistler spent one afternoon in the parlor. He stood up before the picture, clasping his hands and showing all the signs of amazed admiration, just as one of the Misses Thompson entered. Appearing very much embarrassed at being thus discovered, he stammered:

"You will excuse me, Miss Amelia, won't you, for my forwardness for thus intruding, but I could not help it. You know how I love art, and a great work like this makes me almost speechless. How noble that face is! and how exquisite is the color! What a splendid eye! What a magnetic countenance! I hope you won't think my admiration of it an impertinence!"

He did not leave the house, it is needless to say. Whistler remained at the Academy about four years, and then, going to Paris, he studied there for two years. He was not under any master, in the common sense of the word, though he painted in the studio of a rather well-known painter.

BLACK LION WHARF ON THE THAMES

FROM WHISTLER'S ETCHING

Several years after this he turned up in Venice, where he took lodgings in the top of an old palace, living sometimes, according to one who knew him then, for an entire day on a plateful of macaroni. He spent his time hunting up odd parts of the city, and these he would reproduce in wonderful etchings, which he preferred to keep, as nobody then thought of paying the price he asked for them. Sometimes, however, he parted with some, when necessity compelled him, but it was always with great reluctance.

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The World's Greatest Etcher

In 1863 he took up his residence in London, living on the banks of the Thames, and there he did the wonderful etchings known as the "Thames set." And here we might say a word about Whistler as an etcher. Sir Seymour Haden, the foremost English authority on etchings, remarked once that if he were obliged to give up the etchings by Rembrandt and Whistler in his collection,

those by Rembrandt would go first,—which is equivalent to saying that Whistler is the greatest etcher the world has ever seen, and that is probably so. It is interesting to note that he did his first etchings, while at West Point, for the United States Coast Survey.

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Whistler's Sarcasm in a Painting

Another side of Whistler's art, and one in which he displayed masterly as well as original ability, was shown in his Nocturnes. At the time he began painting these England was immersed in a species of paintings which depended for their interest on a literary point of view. Ruskin at the time was preaching the doctrine of close fidelity to Nature, with the result of producing a species of art that was photographic, but not artistic in the strict sense.

The Nocturnes was a blow at both the prevailing ideas among English artists. The choosing of a musical term instead of a literary one,—the Nocturnes were known as Nocturne No. 1, Nocturne No. 2, etc.,—created considerable discussion, but not more than did the pictures themselves.

Ruskin, in a criticism of them, said that it was a piece of impudence for Whistler to ask £200 for flinging a "pot of paint in the public's face." As a result of this remark, Whistler brought suit for libel against Ruskin for £1000 damages.

In the course of this celebrated lawsuit, the lawyer asked Whistler how long it took him to "knock off" a Nocturne, and when the lawyer condescendingly explained that he was using words that applied to his own work, Whistler replied:

"I am very much flattered to think you apply to a work of mine any term that you are in the habit of using when referring to your own. As I remember, it took me about a day to 'knock off' that Nocturne."

"And you ask 200 guineas for a day's work?"

"No," replied Whistler, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime." Verdict returned for the plaintiff was only one farthing.

Ruskin's mistake about the Nocturne was one that was to be expected from his teachings,—teachings which were beautiful in some respects, but not broad nor inclusive enough for all art.

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The Secret of His Greatest Painting

Probably Whistler's greatest picture is the Portrait of My Mother, which was painted in 1872. It settled for all time the question of Whistler's place in the history of art. It is a masterpiece if there ever was one,—the wonderful simplicity of the face, the refined atmosphere of the entire picture, the black silhouette with its extraordinary beauty, the fine old lady's hands, partly hid amid the lace, then the pattern of the curtain,—the entire composition, in fact,—all is done with the greatest delicacy and subtlety, nothing obtruding, nothing suggestive of the picture, nothing reminding one of the handicrafts. It is the most successful of his pictures, because in it he forgot himself, forgot that he was the Whistler that the world admired. He thought only of the subject of his picture, and that is the real secret of success in portrait painting.

Within the last decade Whistler has taken up his residence in Paris, where the atmosphere is more congenial, and where he gathers about him wits, artists, musicians, people who appeal to his fancy.

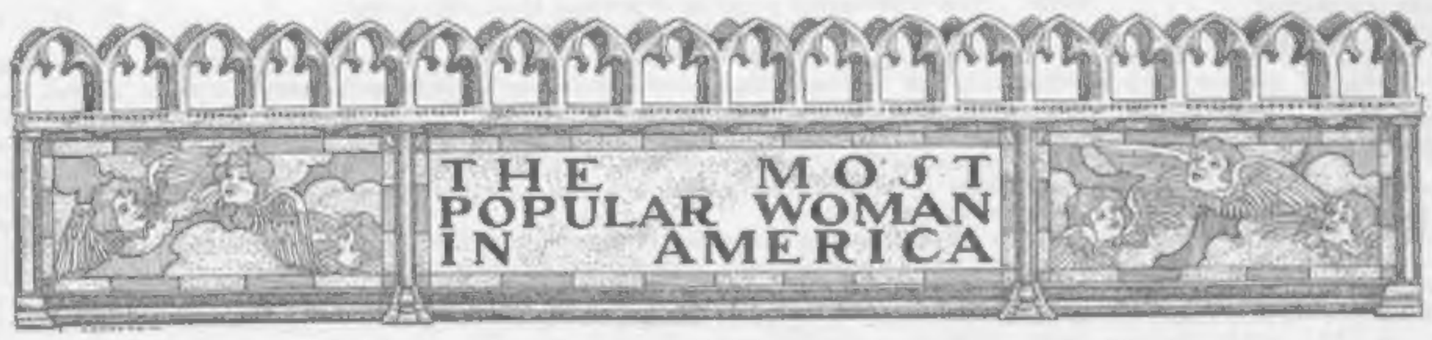
In appearance, Whistler is tall, striking looking, slim, but impressive. His hair is dyed black, with the exception of one lock in front, which is left white, and which gives the caricaturist an excellent opportunity. Both his wit and his appearance have been called Mephistophelian, and, in truth, his cleverness in any other age might make him an object of suspicion. But there is no deception in the man, though he delights to amaze the public. He is serious in his art, but after that he likes the cleverness of wit.

On one occasion Whistler submitted an article at the request of an editor. The editor returned it to Whistler to revise. The next day the article came back unchanged, but appended was the note, "Who am I, that I should tamper with a masterpiece?"

His favorite adjective is "amazing," and, among his friends, he will hold discourse for hours, getting "things off," as he calls them.

But if one would reveal the real Whistler, the man back of the painter, back of the controversialist, back of the wit, one would want nothing better than his own words, spoken at a dinner which was given to him by some friends in London several years ago:

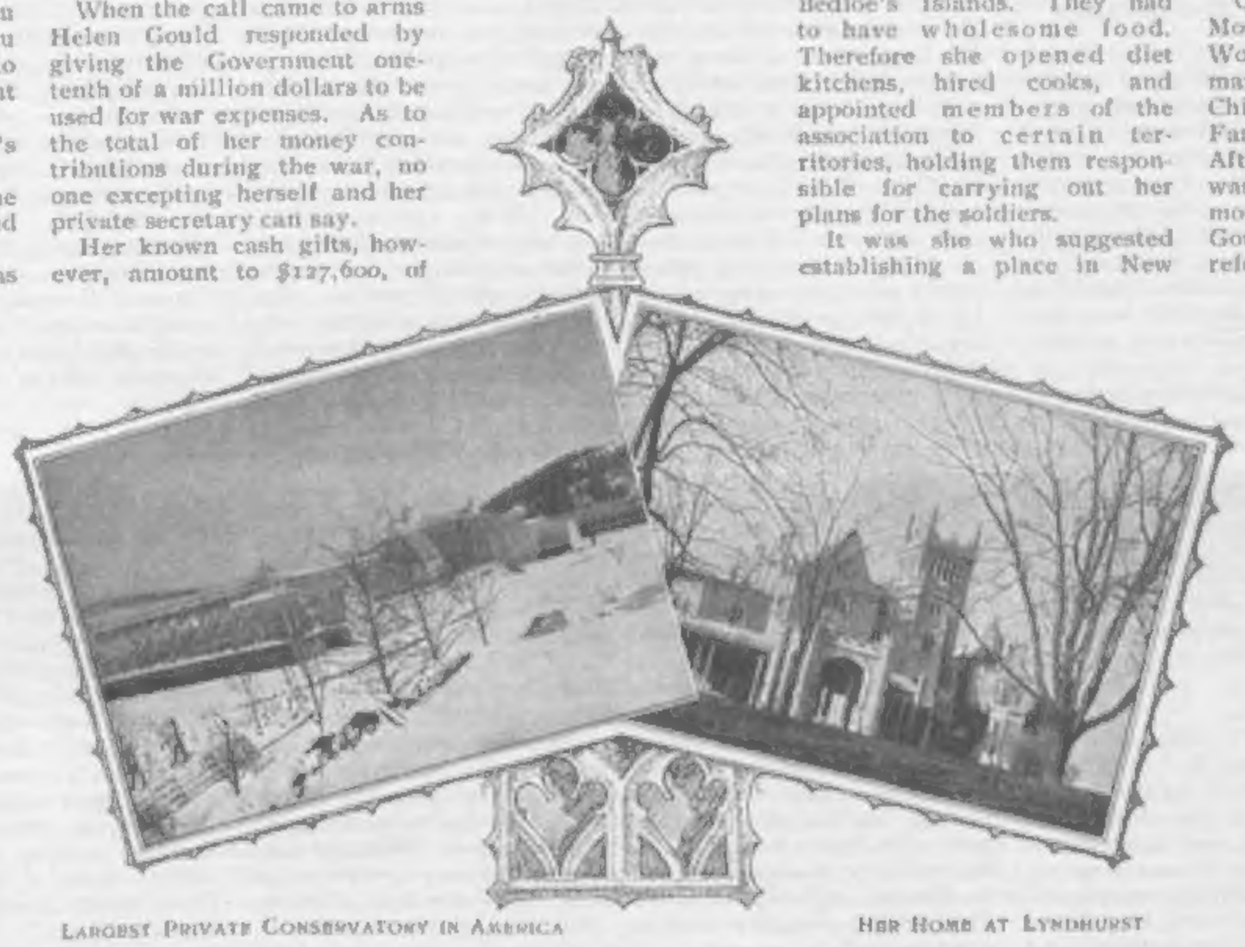
"It has before now been borne in upon me that in surroundings of antagonism I may have wrapt myself for protection in a species of misunderstanding, as that other traveler drew closer about him the folds of his cloak the more bitterly the winds and storms assailed him on his way. But, as with him, when the sun shone upon him in his path, his cloak fell from his shoulders, so I, in the warm glow of your friendship, throw from me all former disguise, and make no further attempt to hide my true feeling, disclose to you my deep emotion at such unwonted testimony of affection and faith."



FOR years the name of Gould has meant simply wealth. Suddenly, out from the smoke and din of war, there has emerged a remarkable figure,—a young American girl, with vision clear enough to see through mists of gold a Royal beauty in the eyes of crippled children and sick soldiers made happier by her kindness.

When the call came to arms Helen Gould responded by giving the Government one-tenth of a million dollars to be used for war expenses. As to the total of her money contributions during the war, no one excepting herself and her private secretary can say.

Her known cash gifts, however, amount to $127,600, of which the $100,000 just mentioned was given to the Government direct; $27,000 to the Woman's National Relief Fund; $300 to the hospital ship Relief, and $300 to the hospital at Governor's Island.



LARGEST PRIVATE CONSERVATORY IN AMERICA

HER HOME AT LYNDHURST

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Carloads of Delicacies for the Soldiers

She sent a carload of lemons to the soldiers at Santiago. She furnished the transport Missouri with four electric ward kitchens. To the hospital ship Solace she sent two hundred pairs of slippers and the same number of pajamas, and great boxes of delicacies, such as hominy, malted milk, cornstarch, calf's-foot jelly, and eggs. She furnished the carbonating plant for the hospital ship Relief. She told the authorities at Camp Wykoff to draw on her, for the benefit of the sick soldiers, to any amount which they saw fit, and her instructions were followed.

She was made Assistant Director-General of the Relief Association, established a business office in the Windsor Hotel, and installed a force of clerks and experienced bookkeepers, whose salaries she said she would look after. Then she put in an extra desk, at which she seated herself as a sort of business manager, working as hard and as regularly as any of the clerks. Save on Saturdays and Sundays, and the days when she visited camps, transports and hospitals, she devoted full seven hours a day to her self-imposed clerical tasks. She reduced the business of the association to a system.

The men coming in by the thousands had to be cared for at once. There could be no red tape of applying to the Government for money to defray expenses. They must be met fully and promptly. Miss Gould telegraphed to Mrs. Walworth, President of the War Relief, who was at Camp Wykoff, to draw on her for $25,000 for necessities which the soldiers required.

From Camp Wykoff the men came pouring into New York, some sick, some not sufficiently convalescent to be sent adrift, many without means of transportation. Miss Gould at once arranged that they should be cared for, some on Staten Island, others at Governor's and Bedloe's Islands. They had to have wholesome food. Therefore she opened diet kitchens, hired cooks, and appointed members of the association to certain territories, holding them responsible for carrying out her plans for the soldiers.

It was she who suggested establishing a place in New York where well soldiers could rendezvous, after being discharged or furloughed, before starting for home. The suggestion resulted in hiring a house for their accommodation in East Fifteenth Street, which became known as the Soldiers' Rest.

Miss Gould, in her trips to Camp Wykoff, made a lasting impression upon all who came in contact with her. In the most democratic way she accommodated herself to unusual mishaps and inconveniences. The driver of one of the depot hacks is still profuse in the expression of his admiration of the cheerful manner in which the mistress of millions one day got down into the mud when the carriage struck a steep hill. It was raining hard, and, without suitable protection, the young heiress plodded up the hill through the long, wet grass.

To her intimate friends she refers to her wealth as "my father's money." Some believe that, if she could, she would give every penny of her $15,000,000 back to the world from which it came. Her maxim is: "Do good noiselessly."

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Six Hundred Letters a Week

This is the way Miss Gould is spending her days and her income,—an income to which she has herself referred, in a frightened way, as amounting to, perhaps, $3000 a day.

To show how many demands are made upon her time and her pocketbook, and to show how impossible it is for her to grant all requests, Miss Gould sent out to the more fortunate of her besiegers a memorandum of the contents of one week's mail.

In the particular week named,—the first in September,—she received 607 letters, among which were requests that reached a total of $1,041,092.

This tremendous mail is delivered at her home, Lyndhurst, an estate of a thousand acres, between Irvington and Tarrytown, bequeathed to her by her father. The castle home is just as her father left it, old-fashioned furniture and all. And in that great house, with its forty-six huge rooms, and its tower one hundred feet high, there is always a peculiar hush, which seems to say: "Sacred to the memory of father."

During the war, the mistress of this beautiful home turned it topsy-turvy, using it as a sort of warehouse for the storage of camp supplies. The library was no longer a library: it was a quartermaster's department. The whole room was strewn with articles useful to soldiers in the field.

Even now, again pursuing her usual routine of charitable work, Miss Gould rises early and takes the nine o'clock train to the city, to attend the many classes and society meetings of which she is a member. But before starting cityward she puts on short skirts and makes a tour of the estate on her bicycle, accompanied by her special protector, Great Dan, a magnificent St. Bernard.

Jay Gould lived long enough to complete the largest private conservatory in America,—a crystal palace costing $80,000,—and to possess a collection of orchids acknowledged as the finest in the world. The orchids,—$100,000 worth of air-fed blossoms,—are now Helen Gould's pets; their cultivation is her fad, their increase her pride,—"for father's sake." Here are no less than 80,000 orchids worth from five dollars to $300 each.

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As the Children's Fairy Godmother

On the estate on the top of Wood Crest Mountain is a huge stone mansion called Woody Crest. Miss Gould uses this old mansion in winter as a Home for Crippled Children, and in summer as a Fresh-Air Farm for the children of the tenements. After the war, however, when a resting-place was needed for sick soldiers, the waifs were moved down to Lyndhurst Castle, into Miss Gould's home. There she entertained them, referring to the matter as "my house-party."

But Woody Crest is now again in possession of the children. By her frequent visits Miss Gould makes friends with her wee guests, who look upon her as a sort of combination of angel and fairy godmother. Every day her wagonette takes the children, in relays, for long drives. Those who remain at home through an entire season are instructed in reading and writing and gardening. Twice a month some of the older boys set the type for a little newspaper which is devoted to Woody Crest matters.

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The Benefactor of Students

In the growth of the University of New York, Miss Gould has helped materially and generously. In May, 1895, a contribution of $250,000 was sent to the Chancellor, with a proviso that the name of the giver be kept secret, but it has since become known that the contributor was Helen Gould.

It was in a woman's law class of the New York University that she obtained her knowledge of things legal. After leaving Doctor Gardiner's school on Fifth Avenue, where she received her education, she entered the woman's class, and took the regular law course, at the University. To avoid publicity she did not graduate, but she has a wide knowledge of law. She is a member of the Woman's Advisory Committee of the University, and an officer of the Woman's Legal Education Society.

Such is the manner in which, perhaps, the most popular woman of the hour in America is passing the morning of her life.

THE VIOLIN PLAYER

FROM WHISTLER'S ETCHING

"WAPPING ON THE THAMES"

FROM WHISTLER'S ETCHING

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

February 25, 1899

$2.50 per Year by Subscription
5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

Farming as an Antidote for the Slums

THE tremendous and always pressing question of how to improve the social and political conditions of municipal life in this country of rapidly congesting cities gets a little sidelight from the efforts of the Industrial Colony Association in New York, a worthy society which has undertaken to deport some of the worst elements of juvenile life from the city streets to the country. This association has bought a farm in Ulster County, and is sending there some of the most incorrigible masculine waifs of the city, not as prisoners or culprits, but as independent colonists, and it has furnished them with the opportunity to make their own laws and execute them, to earn their own livings,—to run, in brief, a miniature Government of their own.

Some of the results as set forth in the annual meeting of the society are so satisfactory and so interesting as to merit attention, and not the least interesting conclusion arrived at is that this radical and wholesome change of environment effects some kind of a moral predisposition in the boys which no amount of precept or mere preaching can bring about. It may even be said that air and sunshine, cooperating with a new personal responsibility and independence, have been found to be practical moral agencies that reach as no other agencies can the inherited crassness and obliquity of these natures, and stimulate in them a new reformatory energy.

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The street boys of a great city are its Ishmaelites; they fight society for existence, and grow into the belief that heroism consists in defying the laws and beating the policeman successfully. It has never entered into their frostbitten souls that they are part of the community, and have vested interests in its well-being. Their existence is an unceasing conflict with an organized enemy. They have no more comprehension of a moral government of the universe than has a bull terrier, and consequently can have no comprehension of the moral government of a community.

It was a happy thought that led to the experiment of the industrial colony. It took a few of the worst of these waifs and planted them where some of the benignities of God's universe could flow into them, not only through their senses, but through their pores. It was not supposed for a moment that these elemental conditions would supersede the necessity for moral tuition. It was only assumed that they would make such moral tuition easier and more comprehensible. The society seems to have had faith in the auxiliary grace of sunshine and pure oxygen, and reliance upon the wholesome aptitudes deep down in these animal natures.

The ineffable influences appear to have come promptly to the work. Vast spaces of freedom looked kindly on them. The pursuing fates disappeared. Every blade and stem and tiny bit of organized life had a new word of fellowship and a new promise of fealty. Only work. So the boys forgot to hate and to skulk. They found all the forces of opposition, so long bred in them, invited into generous activity by the magnanimous earth, which, when they struck her on one cheek, turned the other also.

One of these boys, who had put in a half-acre of potatoes with his own hands, got up before sunrise every morning to go out and see how they were growing, and it was some time before he could comprehend the serene generosity with which his work had been rewarded. For the first time in his life the sense of proprietorship lodged in him. He had never owned anything before in his life except a sick bull pup that he had stolen. Out of that sense of proprietorship began to bud some of the communal ideas of protection and associated rights. He was already becoming a part of society.

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Nothing more subtle or more gracious than this process of overcoming one of the evils of artificial life has been put to the working test by our reformers. It goes straight down to the implicit nature of the young animal. He not only learns that he can produce and own something by the labor of his hands, but he discovers that there is a new delight in it. Nobody preaches to him about the necessity of going to bed early and rising early. The eternal compensations take care of that. He drops into bed physically tired, sleeps soundly, and wakes up with the robins, chirpingly. No one instructs him what he shall eat. He does not listen to lectures on esthetics, nor rhapsodize about the beauties of Nature, but he revels in them and appropriates them all gladly.

Well may we watch this experiment with deep interest, for it may be on the side of the Eternal Verities. At all events, let us not visit upon it the cocksure disdain of artificial life. The possibilities in it for the almost irredeemable perverts of our artificial life cannot be overestimated, specially when we bethink us of the history of our Republic, nearly every page of which bears the noble impress of stalwart feet that followed the furrow and rose from the soil to greatness and power.

NYM CRINKLE (A. C. WHEELER).

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Changed Ways of Honoring Our Heroes

THERE are certain pages of the most brilliant chapter in the varied history of the War of 1812 which seem to be strangely forgotten at the present time. In these pages, which relate our naval victories and the recognition given by American citizens of that day to our naval Commanders, we read that when Hull brought the Constitution into Boston Harbor, after destroying the Guerrière, the city "gave him a reception the like of which Boston had not yet accorded to any man." The city and the shipping glittered with waving flags. Almost the entire population greeted Hull with a roar of cheers, and escorted him through the streets to a great reception at the Coffee House, which was followed by a banquet. New York and Philadelphia presented swords and plate, and other cities were prompt to honor the victorious Captain. A great naval ball, given in Washington in honor of the capture of the Guerrière and the Alert, was turned into a threefold triumph by the news of the capture of the Macedonian by Decatur.

When Bainbridge and Lawrence returned after their victories over the Java and Peacock, "they were greeted all over the land with salutes, processions, dinners, addresses of congratulations, votes of thanks, swords, medals,—with every mark, in short, of the love and pride of a grateful people."

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When the American fleet under Perry captured or destroyed the British vessels on Lake Erie the whole country rose to honor the American Commander. In almost every one of the larger cities there were celebrations, illuminations and mass-meetings in his honor, and "swords without number were voted to him."

The same story of public appreciation may be read in the records of the civic honors lavished upon Macdonough after his splendid victory on Lake Champlain, when, in addition to the presentation of swords, and banquets in various cities, the Legislature of Vermont presented him with an estate on Cumberland Head overlooking the scene of the engagement.

It was in such a fashion that the people of the United States recognized the disciplined courage, the science as well as the bravery shown by our naval Commanders in the War of 1812. It is instructive to compare this meed of popular appreciation with the facts of 1898. At the outbreak of the war our naval forces at Key West were under the command of Admiral Sampson, whose choice as Commander was so amply justified by the preparedness and efficiency of his ships. Upon him, primarily, fell all the later responsibility,—the organization of the Havana blockade, the watch for Cervera's ships, and all the thousand heavy cares wherein remissness would have been charged to his account. How closely the lines were drawn after Sampson's arrival has been a matter of frequent comment by naval experts, who have not hesitated to declare that no more scientific and better organized blockade has ever been known. Every eventuality, every possible method of attack or escape on the part of Cervera's fleet was weighed and planned against by the Admiral in command. When the fleet came out, every Captain knew what to do, and the battle was a Captain's fight. The result was a triumph of organization and preparedness.

If a Commander-in-Chief is to be held responsible for the failures of the fleet or army which he has led and trained, he must also be credited with their victories. Those who know,—the Secretary of the Navy and naval officers,—have given the credit to Admiral Sampson. From the searching test of leadership Admiral Sampson has emerged with the record of fleet, blockades and plans of action in perfect efficiency, and with the result of complete victory. Silently and modestly he has gone on his way discharging further duties in Havana and preparing to resume his service with his fleet. His work represents training, discipline and exact knowledge, as well as bravery and the ability to command, and the value of the trained man is a lesson we need to learn.

After 1812 our cities vied with each other in honoring our victorious Commanders. In 1898 no city, no Chamber of Commerce, no State Legislature, no comprehensive body of citizens has paused to give formal recognition to the work done by the Admiral of the fleet. The ships have been welcomed here and there, and hospitality of a few clubs has been offered, but the emotionalism which shrieks over ships or osculating heroes has taken practically no account of our debt to the silent, efficient Commander, the responsible head.

Is the American patriotism of to-day more or less reasonable and reasoning than in the War of 1812?

—RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

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Putting Witnesses on the Rack

AS THIS century draws toward its close a fermentation or breaking forth of things good and evil has been exceptionally conspicuous. But the signs, upon the whole, are encouraging. Evil is always more conspicuous than good; it roars more loud and thunders in the index. It makes more striking paragraphs in the newspapers; its fires terrify and its shadows appal the imagination. Nevertheless, evil that throws off disguise has begun the work of its own annihilation. Its only security is in darkness and secrecy; to become known,—to be realized,—is fatal to its prosperity. The very rage and force with which it rushes to accomplish its purpose hastens on its destruction.

If we find ourselves humiliated by some national disgrace; if we are shocked by the revelation of violence and treachery where we had the best right to expect security and honor; if we are compelled to behold the naked features of crime darkening through the smug mask of respectability; if thieves and thugs stalk brazenly in the public streets and threaten our life and property, we may know by these signs that their reign is nearing its end, and that they are thrown forward into such relief, not by the breaking down of all power of resistance to them, but, on the contrary, by a profound inward impulse making for health and purity, which expels them from the vital parts of the social system toward the surface, precisely as poisonous substances in the physical body are expelled by a vigorous constitution and appear as cutaneous eruptions. They may mar the countenance for a while; but they are no longer corrupting the secret sent of life. And when we can see our enemy he is no longer so dangerous, for we learn how and with what weapons to fight him.

One abuse has of late become especially flagrant; and inasmuch as it threatens pollution to the very fountain of right and justice it is worth our particular attention. It is the license of attack upon witnesses permitted to counsel for the defense. The law declares that every prisoner at the bar shall be esteemed innocent until he is proved guilty; but it seems that the witness who appears to prove the crime may himself be treated as a criminal by the cross-examining attorney with impunity, and without restraint. Counsel whom experience has rendered skillful in evading, through technicalities, the Court's rebuke, leap at the throat of the citizen in the witness chair, and, by insinuations, by innuendoes, by hints brought from afar, as well as by open charges adduced, not because there is ground for them, but solely to prejudice the jury (on the theory that where much smoke appears there must be some fire), they seek to destroy his character and repute. Questions are put the answers to which cannot but be denials, but which, merely by being put at all, tend to poison the jury's minds. And the advocate does not stop even here; he includes in his attack innocent persons attached to the victim by ties of blood or affection.

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For an outrage so scandalous no punishment could be too severe, for the offense is even worse as against society than against any particular individual. Its tendency is to relieve criminals from all danger of conviction through the mouths of witnesses. That man must indeed be zealous and disinterested in his enthusiasm for justice who would endure for its sake such monstrous attacks,—so baseless, gratuitous and dastardly, and so subtly calculated to defile. The instinct of self-protection is fundamental; and if the Court cannot protect the witnesses brought before it, the witness will protect himself by avoiding the witness chair. He would actually be safer in the prisoner's dock.

That the credibility of the witness' testimony as to the particular facts under examination is open to be impugned, if grounds therefor exist, is not denied. If it can be established that his common repute is that of a liar, that, too, may be done. But that every fault which he may have committed during his life, or which may be plausibly imputed to him, whether or not it bear upon the case in hand, should be dragged into publicity, is intolerable indeed. And that his family and friends should be forced to share his undeserved affliction passes all bounds of reason and decency. The penalty appointed for such an offense on a lawyer's part should be swift, sharp and final,—nothing less than professional and social ostracism, if not fine and imprisonment into the bargain.

Except possibly in France (where it appears in another form) nothing approaching this license of counsel exists in any other civilized country. The pretense that it protects the innocent is futile; no innocent person can ever require such defense. The only thing that it protects is crime; and the thing which it menaces is precisely that which it pretends to vindicate,—justice. If there be at present no line between license and legitimate procedure recognized in our Courts, such a line should be drawn without delay, and made hard and fast; and whosoever oversteps it should be made to feel the full weight of the law's displeasure.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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Shall We Give Up Our Legends?

HISTORY is a thing of recent creation. The most reliable accounts of old times have been made in the new times. But legend extends beyond the beginnings of history, and the tendency that makes it legend will keep it still alive after our interest in the fixed record has paled. Facts are hard and have no poetry. Legend rests on fact, but glorifies it. In transmission from age to age it has taken on human qualities that give to it what we missed in the fact: fancy, humor, pathos, heroism, soul.

One has a sense of irritation and impatience whenever one of those hard-minded people to whom everything is material for analysis arises and proves, to his own satisfaction, that there never was a giant or a fairy, that Homer was six or eight persons, that Shakespeare was Bacon, that it is a sin to allow children to believe in Santa Claus, that the world was always what it is to-day. Well, it was not what it is to-day, because there were no Gradgrinds on it when the legends had their birth. These people do not see far enough beyond their noses to understand that the myth may represent a higher truth than the fact; that tradition may be a symbol.

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There is a kind of being who will disguise himself as a historian sometimes, and sometimes as a moralist, who delights in destroying idols that are worshiped by their countrymen, and squeals and gibbers in glee when he finds a flaw in a belief or in the person who has inspired that belief. True, it is easy to make hero worship absurd, and Washington has suffered more from his admirers than from his detractors; but we must keep in mind the inspiring cause and meaning of a legend and its worth to the world's morals when we are tempted into iconoclasm.

It is well that the American people should have ideals. We need them. Don't disturb them. Don't pull the halos from our heroes or clip the wings of our good angels. Every legend that teaches a noble lesson, that appeals to our sense of fitness and beauty, that stirs our imaginations away from commercialism, is better worth perserving than the life histories of the men who are trying to destroy them,—but trying in vain, praise Allah! Legend is the meat of history. It is not inimical to any human interest that it should live. Who is harmed by believing that Pocahontas saved Captain Smith, as very likely she did, anyway? What is wrong in believing that Putnam galloped down Breakneck Stairs under a British fire? It was characteristic of the man, and if he did not do it he would, had the stairs been built.

It is refreshing and inspiring to read these incidents of readiness and daring; these records of devotion and tales of mystery. They affect us like music; and if anybody likes statistics better than music let him have them. The facts tie us to the earth and stifle imagination. The parable embodies all it is worth studying the facts to know.

True, there are legends a-plenty, especially among savages, that are verbose and trivial, but let us not cast them aside, for, to be sure, they mean something, and what that something is it is worth our while to learn. Folklore societies have taken up the study of the world's myths and are comparing and unifying them with results that sometimes surprise us. History is said to be philosophy teaching by example. Legend is the same, only its method is more suave and its teaching broader. In it we have embodied hopes and aspirations and moralities, and declared our faiths. Legend is right, and we have a common agreement that it shall live.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

"FIGHTING JOE" WHEELER

SOLDIER and STATESMAN OF THE NEW SOUTH

By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

AS THE gang plank of the transport was lowered, a man not more than five feet in height, about as tall as a good sized schoolboy, thin and wiry, and looking as though he did not weigh more than one hundred pounds, his thick beard perfectly white, his eyes sharp and intense, started to come down, a big sword clanging at his heels making him seem even smaller than he was.

"There comes Wheeler,—Joe Wheeler!" exclaimed a man with a Brigadier General's straps on his shoulders, who stood on the dock, and as the little man with the big sword reached the dock he was clasped in the arms of the excited officer.

"General," he exclaimed, almost crushing him in an earnest hug, "you are the biggest little man in the country!"

And the cheer of the soldiers at Montauk who welcomed Wheeler home indorsed the Brigadier-General's epigram.

Not far from Huntsville, Alabama, is Wheeler, a peaceful town, even among Alabama's peaceful towns,—one of those "garden spots" of the world which crowd one another in this fair State. Here live "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, the biggest little man in the country,—the idol of the South. The affection with which he is regarded was shown in his unanimous election to Congress, as unusual a tribute as it was generous.

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Even in his boyhood days "Joe" Wheeler had the energetic and persistent character that has later made the man so remarkable. His mother died when he was five years of age, and he went from his home on the Southern plantation to live with relatives in Connecticut, where he went to school.

Quiet and bashful before his elders, among his playmates he was "Soldier Joe." He was always forming companies and drilling them until they cried for mercy. When he was ten years old he began to support himself, studying in his spare hours with West Point as his goal. His relatives endeavored to persuade him from this purpose, but he had made up his mind and no amount of persuasion availed. Then it was pointed out that he had no influence wherewith to obtain the appointment, but he set to work, and finally was appointed by a Congressman who, by a curious coincidence, was also named Wheeler, although he was not a relative of the now famous General.

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The merit of a boy is fairly tested at West Point. If he is clean, straightforward, honest and manly he is sure to make friends. A few surviving members of Wheeler's class now say that he was one of the most popular cadets at the institution. After the fashion of West Point he was given a nickname, and he was called "Point," "being without width, length or thickness."

When the Civil War broke out, friends begged Wheeler not to join the seceders. His first duty, however, he thought was to Georgia, and he accordingly resigned his commission and was appointed a Lieutenant of Confederate Artillery in 1861. In three years he was, at the age of twenty-six, Lieutenant General, commanding the entire Confederate Cavalry.

By the Federal officers he was considered one of the most brilliant, zealous and tireless of the rebel Generals, and those who knew him only by his fighting were surprised to find him in person so small and in years so young. It is said that on one occasion Davis appointed a man to Wheeler's staff, but when the officer arrived he immediately resigned, declaring that he would not serve under "that boy."

His own soldiers, however, regarded him with a half familiar, half-reverent admiration. His size and fighting spirit secured for him the nickname, "War Child." He never seemed to sleep, and would often ride out at night to find out for himself what scouts had reported. Not infrequently a movement would follow these reconnoitering expeditions, and when, as the soldiers were turning in to sleep, the little figure would ride by, the common remark would be:

"There'll be trouble to-morrow. The 'War Child' rides to-night."

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There is a spectral quality in that name, "War Child," which expresses most beautifully the picturesque side of Wheeler's personality. How the habits of thirty five years have stuck to him is shown by a recent episode in Santiago. There was much discussion as to whether La Guasimas was an ambuscade, and finally, being asked, General Wheeler said:

"Ambush? No! Why, as soon as we landed I rode out there alone, inspected the territory, and said to myself, 'There must be Spaniards here'; so I ordered the advance."

Nobody who knows, either in this war or that other, the "late unpleasantness," needs to be told of Wheeler's bravery. There is no bravado in his actions. But that which seems perfectly natural to him, to another is far, indeed, from the usual.

During the battle of New Hope Church, between Atlanta and Chickamauga, General Wheeler occupied an advanced position. General Walker, who was in command of the Confederate forces, desiring to know exactly what was in front of a certain part of the line, sent one of his staff to Wheeler with a message to the effect that he intended to make a charge at this point, and would like to know if there were a masked battery there.

Major W. H. Ross, who carried the message, found the cavalry General sitting with one leg over the pommel of his saddle. After hearing the message which the Major brought from General Walker, Wheeler said: "I don't know, but it is a very easy matter to find out," and assuming the correct position in the saddle, accompanied by the Major, he galloped out into the field and up to a slight eminence. There he planted a gudon. Immediately there was a puff of smoke, and a shell came screaming through the air.

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Turning very quickly and very calmly, General Wheeler said to the Major:

"I guess you can tell General Walker that there is a masked battery in front of us."

When they got back in safe quarters again, the Major drew a long breath and said:

"Wasn't that a mighty risky thing to do, [illegible]"

"Oh, no," replied Wheeler; "first shots always fly high."

Thirty five years later, an Army, wasted by disease and a tropical war waged in the face of well nigh insuperable difficulties, was landed at the extreme end of Long Island. The fourth hour of the day found a little, white-bearded man waiting the coming of the sun, and at midnight only did his labors [illegible]y cease.

"Who's that little man that seems to be everywhere and doing everything," asked a visitor, who associated fame with much gold lace and pompousness.

"That's Joe Wheeler," answered a private, whose mementoes of San Juan were a pair of crutches. "God bless him! People will never realize how much he has done here. He has won the battle of Montauk Point."

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The secret of that gentleness is perhaps to be found in an unusually straightforward nature. Nobody ever said that Joe Wheeler lied, or that politics had made him a politician, in the sense that implies insincerity.

Several years ago, when he was visiting a friend in the South, the host bid him goodnight and left him to retire. Thinking that the General might like to be called in the morning, he went back to the room and found his guest kneeling by the bedside. As praying was a habit that had slipped away from the host, he paused in some confusion. Before he could make up his mind, the General rose from his kneeling position, and when his host started to apologize, said:

"There is no need of any apology. I have always made it a practice to kneel every night and thank God for His blessings, and I am not ashamed of doing it."

It will be for some future historian to tell the story of the South during the twenty years after the war,—twenty years of desolation and misunderstanding, twenty years during which the land, once famous for its statesmen, seemed sterile. In 1882 Wheeler was elected to Congress from the Alabama district that he represents to-day. Although a Democrat, and a strict party man, no one is more popular on both sides of the house. I have before me a letter from Congressman Philip Low, a part of which, I think, is interesting:

> No one who has not met the man can imagine the love he inspires, no man who has not been intimately associated with him and watched him at work can know or understand the unusual respect in which he is held. Our side of the House (the Republican) is as fond of 'Uncle Joe' as is the party with which he is affiliated.

Any Congressman will readily tell you that the most active man in the House of Representatives is Joe Wheeler.

"He writes more letters, sees more people, attends to more wants, and does twice as much general business as any man who faces the Speaker," said one of his colleagues.

And it was apropos of this unequaled activity, and the rapidity with which the General gets from one place to another, that Speaker Reed made one of his characteristic remarks. Several Representatives were talking one day about the passing away of the old members, when a little man dashed by, passing so quickly that but a mere glimpse of him was caught.

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"There goes Joe Wheeler at his usual gait," said one member.

"Yes," said Speaker Reed, "he always moves so fast that Death cannot catch him."

It was natural that a man of General Wheeler's warm heart should sympathize with the Cuban cause, but war having been declared, his friends vigorously protested against his going. In the presence of several friends his daughter asked him:

"Why do you wish to go to war, father?"

And with a twinkle in his eye, he replied:

"If a fish had been out of the water thirty three years, and came in sight of a nice little pond, he would wiggle a little bit, wouldn't he?"

His appointment as Major-General by President McKinley thrilled the whole country,—at last the Civil War was over. He is said to have remarked to a friend, very shortly after the appointment, that when he first put on his new uniform he was strongly tempted to shoot at it. In the first day's fighting at Santiago, at a critical point, he suddenly waved his sword and exclaimed:

"Give it to the d——d Yankees, boys."

Then suddenly recollecting that times and conditions had changed, he blushed at his mistake, while his staff laughed heartily.

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As closely associated with Santiago as the General himself was his daughter, Miss Annie Wheeler, who served as a Red Cross nurse. His part of the war will not be readily forgotten, either. It was apropos of these gentle warriors,—and gentle warriors who did not go to the front,—that General Wheeler said one of the brightest things that has been said about the war.

"The strength of American arms in war comes solely from the soldiers' memory of the women they have left behind."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Wheeler, in his editorial, The Crushing Weight of Facts, is crying out against a state of affairs which shows our progressiveness. Time was when anything a writer said was accepted as Gospel truth. To-day the careful reader demands facts. He refuses to pore over generalities of which he is fully aware. He wants cold facts, and then he can draw his own deduction from these facts for himself.

To be sure, statistics are ever unpalatable, but the fanciful story is giving way to the historic novel, whose basis is fact, not dry statistical matter, by any means, however.

No one attempts to claim that mere figures are interesting, but stories founded on the impossible, on the weak, sentimental "might be" basis, are not popular. Fiction founded on fact is the demand of the day. H. E. S.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

[Facts are the mere raw material of thought, but in themselves they are useless. It is only when a strong individual mind seizes upon those facts, analyzes them, digests them, and from them evolves original thought that they become of any value to me.

Mr. Wheeler's protest was against the mere accumulation of facts as finalities, clogging the mind with undigested statements which weaken the mind instead of strengthening it, as over-feeding weakens the stomach. Food is of value to the body only when it is digested, when it is converted into muscle, blood, tissue strength. If facts remain in the mind merely as facts, they resemble food retained whole, food that the stomach cannot digest and assimilate.

Statistics are dry, meaningless, irritating to most people because they see them only as facts. They do not see what facts mean, what they reveal. The wonders of science have come not from facts, but from deductions from facts.

Facts are of two kinds,—facts historic and facts eternal. The apple that fell at the feet of Newton was a fact historic; the law of gravitation thereby revealed is a fact eternal. A fact eternal is law. The fact eternal is the key to understanding millions of facts historic. We devote too much time in life to accumulating facts historic; too little time to reducing them to facts eternal.—The Editor.]

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Several editorials which have of late appeared in the Post I noticed excuses for our greatest fault, *Hurry*. It is called "youthful exuberance," "the result of buoyant hopefulness," etc.

I claim that it is almost a form of insanity with Americans. Hurry to work, hurry to luncheon, hurry home, interminable hurry, hurry. When will it cease?

It is growing worse and worse: his form of insanity is growing more violent. Will no one cry "enough," and endeavor to show the country to what this wild haste is leading? Nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry. We are becoming a superficial nation, doing many things passably well,—nothing excellently.

We have lost sight of the careful work of our forefathers. Time was when a piece of cabinet work would last centuries. Now a piece of furniture is long-lived if it survives to see its second winter. Why? Because men were in too much of a hurry to make it right. In Japan a family of potters will work for generations on a single vase, and when it is finished it is enough to establish the fame of the whole family. Haste and thoroughness can never make bedfellows. F. W. T.

Taltville, Connecticut.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In a recent editorial, The Passing of Pessimism, Mr. Nye practically called the man who watched the clouds a pessimist. The highest optimism keeps an eye open for the clouds trims his sails and then awaits developments, confident that his staunch little bark will weather the storm.

In a calm, deliberate calculation of threatened danger lies the secret of its overthrow. A. C.

St. Augustine, Florida.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Allow me to disagree with the editorial on The Passing of Pessimism. I do not believe, with Mr. Nye, that pessimism is passing. It is decidedly on the increase.

We have run into an age of pessimism,—in religion, in politics, in society. It is becoming the fad, and the helpful, hopeful optimist is a *rara avis*.

I could give statistics to justify my stand, but I would not encroach on your valuable space. I wish to say that the department of Letters to the Editor is excellent, and I have no doubt that the Post and all the Post readers will find in it a sort of open debating society. N. S. S.

Austin, Texas.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Doctor Thompson, in his editorial on the Tyranny of Mrs. Grundy, seems to be turning the cold shoulder on this venerable old lady. He fails to realize the immense good which she has done. No law framed by the human mind has such weight as "*On Dit*." Few men can stand out against the great weight of public opinion. A man will do anything, go to any extreme, rather than can down on his head the wrath of his fellows.

Mrs. Grundy is the autocrat who holds all men rigidly under her sway, and in the main her sway is righteous. The fear of being talked about and frowned down by the weight of public opinion is a more potent preventive of crimes, small or great, than any code of written laws. The laws are full of loopholes, in the hands of a skillful lawyer any man may escape the penalty, but Mrs. Grundy steps in, and in an instant her punishment is made more unbearable than any the law can inflict.

No, Mr. Editor, I think Old Lady Grundy is a useful institution.

New York City. T. C., Jr.

[Some old time philosopher defined "dirt" as "matter out of the wrong place." In the same manner we may criticise Mrs. Grundy: she is all right in her place,—when she is doing what is right, standing up for what is true and noble, and demanding from society conformity to her high standing. But Mrs. Grundy, like dirt, is usually in the wrong place. Mrs. Grundy too often typifies the accumulated ignorance of the centuries and loudly proclaims all that is new is wrong. Mrs. Grundy has ever stood in the way of all true progress; Mrs. Grundy was the mother of the Inquisition.

Mrs. Grundy never made one real true act spring from any human heart. She merely sometimes keeps men from doing wrong through fear of her, and doing right to win her praises. Mrs. Grundy has nothing to do with the theory of "right for right's sake."—The Editor.]

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

General Miles' Remarkable Career

"I would follow the old man into the jaws of hell," said a brave young Lieutenant of the "Bloody Sixth," promoted for gallant conduct before Santiago, in speaking of the Commanding General of the Army after the Porto Rican campaign, "and what's more, I could take my command with me." This is, happily, the general feeling among the regulars, if not always so luridly expressed. Miles is adored by the soldiers, and has, too, been singularly fortunate in inspiring his under officers with love and loyalty

General Miles comes of a long line of patriots, distinguished on the one side in the struggle for human liberty, and on the other, through the Custis family, allied with Washington. It is natural, therefore, that the bursting forth of the flames of war against the Union should have fired the heart of this heir of fighting ancestors

Despite the solicitations of a rich uncle, who tempted him with a fortune provided he would not go to war, this Boston boy, imitating his Revolutionary forbears, threw his sword and his fortune into the scale as part of the price of a preserved Union He was elected Captain of the company he devoted his modest patrimony to raising, but, yielding the chief command to an older officer, he took the field as a Lieutenant

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Miles' Unbroken Record for Bravery

His record during the Civil War, his masterly work in the West against the Indians, and his management of the Army since he was placed at its head shows how wisely he chose; for, as a man in the line once aptly put it, "Miles was born a soldier; yer can't make no fighters like that ter order."

Of no young officer who served in the Civil War could a more thrilling tale be written. In the very first battle this lad,—for he was scarcely more,—distinguished himself both in the eyes of his superior officers and the soldiers; in every engagement fought by the Army of the Potomac his brave, boyish figure was conspicuous, save one which took place when he was in the hospital nursing what was thought to be a mortal wound, and every battle added to his laurels. Fair Oaks, Malvern, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Reams Station and Richmond are woven into his life story in brave colors.

NELSON A. MILES

All through the war he was entrusted with commands much higher than those contemplated for his rank, at one time, though only twenty five, and ranking as a Brigadier, he led the famous Second Corps itself, and at Chancellorsville, where he was shot through and through, he held on to a vitally contested point that won for him the highest praise accorded to any Commander in that ill-starred affair. Miles' brilliant fighting was, indeed, one of the most interesting episodes of this battle.

General Miles' career in the Civil War was equaled, if not excelled, by the record he made in the West, which owes him an eternal debt of gratitude for opening up its vast sections to civilization. His Indian campaigns read like romances. Strategy as well as force was often necessary in dealing with the Indians, and in this General Miles was a past master.

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Using the Telephone to Tame the Indians

On one occasion a telephone was shown to some of the chiefs who visited the "Great White Chief" in his camp. They were told that the Great Spirit had lent the use of His lightning to the white man, and were allowed to talk to some of their friends over it So awed were they by the wonderful instrument and by the superior power of their adversaries, that they became advocates of peace

General Miles' Indian campaigns partook of all the shades of climatic incidents and influence, including the extremes of heat and cold, drought and storm, desert, plain and verdant valley His first and next to last were carried on under a tropical sun, where his men were reduced by thirst to the dire extremity of opening the veins of their arms that they might moisten their parched lips with their own blood. His third campaign culminated in a regular Arctic snowstorm.

Chief Joseph, Geronimo, Sitting Bull, Spotted Eagle, Crazy Horse and various other noted Indian chiefs have at different times been his prisoners, and he was in some instances successful in converting these enemies into friends. General Miles has conducted in all eight Indian campaigns to a successful issue and in addition to these has averted no less than three other wars by his prompt and judicious action

No other Commander in the history of the country ever forced so large a body of Indians to surrender on the field of battle, none ever fought so many Indian battles, or won in fights so desperately contested. As in the War of the Rebellion, so in his engagements with the redskins, he has always been in the thickest of the battle, and never required any one to go where he was not willing to lead It is not too much to say that he is the greatest Indian fighter in American history.

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How Rostand Wrote His Play

How did Rostand write Cyrano de Bergerac? The story has lately come out in the form of a long interview with Coquelin

Coquelin, having heard Rostand read a play to Sarah Bernhardt, was so impressed that he promised to accept any play the author would write for him Rostand accepted the opportunity with a feeling of responsibility rather than elation. After ten weeks he hit upon the *motif* of Cyrano, having chanced on the character

Leaving the actor, Rostand went home and worked ceaselessly for nearly twenty hours. At daybreak his wife found him asleep with his head on a pile of manuscript. Bernhardt brought out Rostand's play, but it failed miserably. In chagrin and mortification he refused for eighteen months to do any work, and did not put pen to paper

"As he slowly regained confidence, the boyish author," says Coquelin, "took to dropping in on me at impossible morning hours to read some scene hot from his ardent brain. Seated by my bedside, he would declaim his lines until, lit at his flame, I would jump out of bed, and wrapping my dressing gown hastily around me would seize the manuscript out of his hands, and, before I knew it, find myself addressing imaginary audiences, poker in hand in lieu of a sword, —a scene was there'

As the work took form, Rostand hired a place in the country so that no visitors or invitations might tempt him from his toil. Mme Rostand, who proved herself a devoted wife, seriously feared at times for his reason and his life, because he took so little rest He would average ten hours a day of steady work, and "when the spell was on him would pass night after night at his study table rewriting, cutting, modeling his play, never contented, always striving after a more expressive adjective, a more striking, harmonious or original rhyme, casting aside a whole month's finished work without a second thought when he judged that another form expressed his idea more perfectly"

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Imperial Honors to an American Girl

General Count Alfred von Waldersee, successor of the great Field Marshal von Moltke as Chief of the General Staff of the German Army, and his wife are preparing to celebrate their silver wedding, and the Emperor is planning to make the event one of large public interest in Berlin

Of his sixty six years the Count has spent almost fifty in the Army He has held the confidence of three Emperors and the veteran whom he succeeded, although for some time after Frederick's death he was subjected to annoying court influences because his wife was not a German

Mary, the daughter of David B Lea, was born in New York City on October 3, 1835 On the occasion of her first marriage, in the year 1864, to the aged Prince Frederick von Schlesburg-Holstein Souderburg Augustenburg, she was created by the Emperor of Austria Princess von Noer in her own right Six months after the wedding her husband died, leaving her a fortune that was estimated at $4,000,000

At this time she was regarded as one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in Europe On April 14, 1874, she was married to Count von Waldersee, then Chief of Staff of the Tenth Army Corps. She became a special favorite of Emperor Frederick and his Empress, and for a time wielded great and wide reaching influence in Court circles.

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Mistaking McMillan for a Parson

Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, who has recently been promoted from membership in the lower House to the Gubernatorial chair by the people of his State, served for two decades in Congress.

BENTON McMILLAN

In later years he was an acknowledged leader of his party and one of the most useful men on the Democratic side of the Chamber, where he was a conspicuous figure on field days, acting as a whipper-in of the lesser lights

Mr. McMillan is serious of aspect, and invariably wears a frock coat. His voice is loud and resonant, and if one did not know his profession he might easily pass for a minister. Last winter a rustic visited Washington. He had an idea that the Capital was a sort of Sodom, Congress a temple of vice, and all its members disciples of the Evil One. Happening to be in the gallery of the House one day, he asked his companion to point out some of, as he termed it, "the wicked Congressmen"

"There,—there is the wickedest one of the lot," said his friend, pointing to McMillan.

"You don't fool me," said the countryman. "He ain't wicked; he is a parson."

"No," insisted his cicerone; "that is McMillan, from Tennessee, and he is not a parson by a long shot." At this moment the senior member from Tennessee began to address the House

"What did I tell you?" said the man from the country. "What did I tell you? If he ain't a Methody preacher I never heard one."

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How Butler was Wounded

General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, who has recently returned from a four-months' stay in Cuba as a member of the American Evacuation Commission, was for the eighteen years he served in the Senate counted one of the handsomest and most affable men in that body

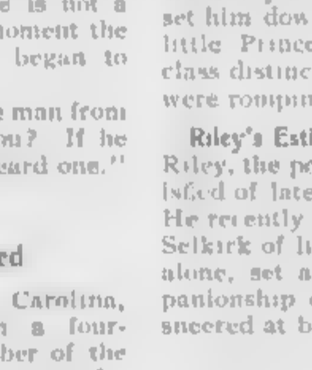
Butler lost his right leg at the Battle of Brandy Station. With Captain Farley, a young officer of General Stewart's staff, young Butler, then a Colonel, was standing on a road at the farther end of the battle field between Stevenson and Brandy Station, superintending a line of skirmishers and directing an attack on Greig's division

Their horses were facing in opposite directions, and they were gayly chatting and laughing over an amusing incident that had happened to a soldier in Butler's old regiment, when a shell fired by the enemy struck the ground near them just inside the fence. It ricochetted and went through the two horses, killing them and taking off the right leg of both riders.

The poor, wounded fellows ministered to each other as best they could, each with characteristic chivalry thinking first of his comrade. When assistance arrived Butler begged that Farley should be moved away from the horses, struggling in their death agonies, but Farley, who, it seems, was mortally wounded, after he had been moved, would allow them to do nothing further.

"Go back to Colonel Butler, gentlemen, he needs your services more than I."

This was the last time Butler ever saw the brave Farley, who died that day at five. Butler's leg was amputated, but this failed to cool his ardor or end his military career. As soon as he had supplied himself with an artificial limb he returned to the Army, serving through the terrible campaigns of 1864 to the end of the war He was subsequently shot in the artificial leg, which did not prevent him from offering his service when war with Spain was declared



M. C. BUTLER

MINIATURE PORTRAITS

The Kaiser's Début in Society.—Emperor William's first appearance at a social function was when the Prince of Wales was married. The little Prince William grew quite restive, and to preserve order until the ceremony was over, he had been seated between his two uncles, both arrayed in Highland costume. To their efforts to keep him quiet he responded by pinching their bare legs.

Tesla's Scheme for Methuselahs.—Nikola Tesla, the inventor, is a firm believer in the efficacy of sleep. He says: "I believe that a man might live two hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is the way negroes live to such an advanced age,—because they sleep so much"

Hofmann as an Inventor.—Josef Hofmann, the musical prodigy of only a few years ago, promises to develop into a scientific inventor. Although he is still loyal to his old love for the piano, he has a new love in the shape of a laboratory at Berlin Here he devotes many hours a day to the study of chemistry and electricity. He has already invented an improved telephone, a cheaper and more brilliant electric light, and a novel method of quickly recharging batteries

Patti's Large Collection of Ribbons.—Mme. Adelina Patti, who has just married Baron Cedarstrom, has a unique collection of ribbons. They were all taken from the bouquets which have been sent her, and she has used them to decorate the chairs of her charming boudoir at Craig-y-Nos.

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Captain Leary's Little Threat.—Captain Richard P. Leary, the new Governor of Guam, has already had some experience with the South Sea Islands. It was he who, when in command of the Adams during the Samoan dispute, threatened to blow three German ships, each larger than his own, out of the water if their Commanders interfered with the Samoans. His pluck told, for the Germans concluded that a policy of non-interference was, after all, the best

Quay's Lesson from an Old Teacher.—By a strange coincidence, Chief Justice James P Sterrett, who delivered the opinion of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in the Quay case, when he was a practicing attorney in Pittsburg many years ago had Matthew Stanley Quay in his office as a student-at law.

Germany's Empress Entertains a Chimney Sweep.—Recently while cleaning out a chimney in the Potsdam Castle the little sweep lost his balance and fell into the private apartments of the Empress. Greatly embarrassed, the youngster tried to escape by the same way in which he came, but the Empress set him down to a honeycake and called in little Prince Joachim. In a few moments class distinction was forgotten, and the boys were romping together as only boys can.

Riley's Estimate of Poets.—James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, seems to be especially dissatisfied of late with the trade of verse making. He recently said "A poet is the Alexander Selkirk of literature, for he must lead a life alone, set apart from the stimulating companionship of men of his own calling, and sneered at by the general run of humanity."

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When Caffrey Quoted Good Authority.—One would naturally suppose that Congressmen, of all men, would be acquainted with the Constitution. Evidently some are none too familiar with it, as the following anecdote shows: Senator Caffrey, of Louisiana, was reading, in the Senate recently, a long abstract from a large, cloth bound volume

After listening for some time, Senator Spooner asked: "From what is the Senator reading?"

Turning toward Spooner Mr. Caffrey replied, with crushing emphasis, "I am reading from the Constitution of the United States."

Carnegie's Rule for Success.—A friend who had a son about to enter business recently asked Andrew Carnegie what was, in his opinion, the best way for a boy "to get along in the world." Mr. Carnegie's reply was short, but direct: "Determine to do so."

Faure as Bismarck's Successor.—By the irony of fate, President Faure, on becoming a Knight of the Golden Fleece,—an honor recently bestowed on him by the Queen of Spain,—has inherited the collar of Prince Bismarck. There are a limited number of Knights, and when one dies the collar is returned. The names of those who have worn it are engraved on the collar, so that in a real sense France, through her President, is wearing the yoke of the Iron Chancellor

Shears Made Famous by Salisbury.—One of Lord Salisbury's pet anecdotes is the story of a barber whom he once patronized. This tonsorial artist did not fail to recognize his patron, for the latter, on passing the shop a few days later, was gratified to observe a placard in the window bearing this inscription: "Hair cut, 3d With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

The United States Produces a Third of the World's Iron Output

As far as the United States is concerned it seems as if the wonders of the past year would never cease. To the various great items in which the country took the lead of all others is now to be added the production of iron ore.

The output of the first half of the year was much larger than any one expected it to be, and that of the full year surpassed the highest estimates, and the consuming demand, to the surprise of expert operators, justified the increased production throughout the year.

Another surprise was that while the first half of the year made large demands for war purposes, the second half, with practically five months of peace, required a still larger amount of iron and steel for consumption. The share of the United States in the total production of the world amounted to a little over thirty-three per cent.

Congress Starting a New Pension List

Both Houses of Congress have passed the Pension Appropriation Bill substantially as submitted. This is the largest of all national annual appropriations. A year ago it was figured out just how much longer these appropriations would have to be made, and it was carefully reckoned when the last beneficiary would have passed away.

A war has since intervened. It is too early to discuss the amount that its consequences will add to our pension list, but it is safe for the statisticians to set many years forward the date of extinction of our last obligation on this score.

The total pension disbursements of last year were $144,651,879, and the appropriation of this year amounts to $145,233,830. In 1894 the total reached over $166,500,000, or much more than half of the whole cost of running the Government. There has since been a gradual decrease; but the events of 1898 will change the current the other way.

American Indians Leaving the United States for Mexico

Ten thousand American Indians, belonging to the Cherokee, Creek and Delaware tribes, and dissatisfied with the conditions prevailing at their old reservations in the Indian Territory, have emigrated in a body into Mexico, and, with a joint capital of $425,000, will establish a union reservation on a large tract of land near Guadalajara.

Negotiations with this unusual movement in view were begun several years ago, but did not reach a decisive stage till last summer. Representatives were sent to Mexico City to ascertain whether the large body would be permitted to settle in the country, and the tribal councils appropriated the money to the dissentients on their relinquishing their respective interests in tribal properties.

The self-expatriated Indians declared that they were tired of having white people coming into their country and dictating how they should live, and that no whites would be permitted on their new reservation. On the other hand, members of the Dawes Commission assert that these are the Indians who, by their stubbornness, had blocked the work of the Commission for three years.

Utilizing Low-Grade Ores in the Exhaustless Cripple Creek Region

Cripple Creek, the chief of Colorado's infants, is developing into one of the most remarkable gold-mining centres in the world. Improved methods of operation have resulted in utilizing low-grade ores, and within a few days developments have been made that have set old miners nearly wild.

Last year this district alone produced one-third of the entire output of gold of the State, or $15,000,000, and since the discovery of gold there the yield has aggregated $50,000,000. The district now contains Cripple Creek, Victor, Goldfield, Independence, Altman and Gillette, and has nearly 350 shipping mines in operation, and a population of about 50,000.

Ignoring in One State a Divorce Granted in Another

Another strong argument in favor of a uniform divorce law in the United States appears in the decision of Judge Bischoff, of the Supreme Court of New York, refusing recognition of a decree of divorce obtained in North Dakota.

This ruling is important in many respects. It is believed to be the first rendered in one State against a regular judicial act in another, and its immediate effect is to destroy,—in New York State, at least,—the value of a divorce granted elsewhere, when the party proceeded against seeks judicial separation locally.

If the systematic divorcing of people in one State, especially noted for the legal breaking of marital bonds, should be held to be null and void in all other States, applicants for divorce would soon be confined to citizens of the one State, instead, as now, of those of the whole country.

The fact that laws could make a man or woman a free person in one State and a criminal in others would soon undermine the entire moral structure of the country.

The Powers Try in Crete a New Scheme of Government

Lord Salisbury's judgment of the value of the diplomatic services of Admirals is to be tested practically in the government of the redeemed island of Crete. The scheme for provisional administration places the supreme direction of affairs in the hands of the protecting Powers, and immediately in those of Prince George, of Greece, as their executive commissioner.

The Powers, however, will continue to rely on their Admirals for the effective carrying out of their tentative plans, and the Admirals are directly charged with the administration of affairs in all important cities and towns. It has been abundantly proven that high naval officers are much more than mere sea fighters and sea lawyers.

Canada Plans to Capture Chicago's Vast Western Traffic

Strong efforts are being put forth in Canada to secure a diversion of the rapidly increasing foreign trade of Chicago from American to Canadian seaports. Chicago already stands in need of enlarged facilities, and all of Canada that is interested in the transportation question is alert to promote her wishes.

It is intended that the Ottawa Canal will be made to shorten the distance between Chicago and the sea by at least 450 miles; that the St. Lawrence Canal will be improved by deepening and enlargement; that a new route from Chicago to the sea will be constructed by way of Collingwood and Toronto; and that, if necessary, new waterways will be opened to enable Chicago to reach the Atlantic by way of Canada.

It is argued in Canada that New York has reached its limit of traffic facilities, and that even the proposed deepening of the harbor and the Erie Canal would still leave the port unable to handle the Western traffic of the future as readily as could Canadian ports.

The Costliest Machine of its Size in the World

There has been presented to the Sibley College of Engineering of Cornell University a piece of machinery that cost $2,000,000. It is the original Paige typesetting machine, comprises 19,000 separate parts, is controlled by a keyboard, and, with ordinary type, sets, justifies, leads and distributes.

Although the machine operates perfectly in all its parts, it is so complicated that its construction would be entirely too costly for commercial sale. It is, therefore, valueless in a money point of view; but as a mechanical production it is one of the most remarkable mechanisms in existence.

The larger part of the great cost of this machine was expended in the incessant changing and remaking, in which years were spent. It occupies a floor space of a little over eleven by three feet, is six and a half feet in extreme height, and it weighs a little less than 5500 pounds.

General Miles' Scheme for Reorganizing the Army

In his scheme for the reorganization of the Army, General Miles expressed the opinion that there should be at least one soldier to every 1000 of population in the Greater United States, and this ratio has been made the subject of severe criticism in and out of Congress.

It is said, in opposition, that England keeps the peace over 400,000,000 population outside of the United Kingdom and including India with 120,000 soldiers. This is incorrect, whether the United Kingdom or the Indian Empire is considered separately.

For the United Kingdom, with over 35,000,000 population, there is a standing Army numbering 163,569 officers and men, and for India and the dependencies, with over 287,000,000 population, there is a European Army numbering 74,299 officers and men, a native Army numbering 140,640, and Imperial Service troops in the feudatory and dependent States numbering 18,114.

Omitting the service troops, there are 214,939 regular officers and men in India, and 378,508 in the United Kingdom and India for a total population of about 322,000,000, or more than one to every 1000 of population.

Making a New Catechism for Modern Protestant Churches

The most practical step that has yet been taken toward bringing about an effective union of the various Protestant denominational bodies is that of representative theologians of the Evangelical Free churches of England, who have prepared a new Catechism in which it is sought to harmonize the distinctive beliefs of Evangelical Protestantism.

The bodies represented in this really great work are the Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Primitive Methodist, Methodist New Connection, United Methodist, Wesleyan Methodist and Bible Christian, and the preliminary draft of the statement of interdenominational belief is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. J. O. Dykes, principal of the Presbyterian College at Cambridge. No such declarations have been attempted since the day of Martin Luther, and it is important to know that the new Catechism was adopted in all its parts without an opposing vote in the committee. The work comprises fifty-three questions, and their answers are believed to express the Christian doctrines held in common by all Evangelical Free churches.

Heretofore the great obstacle in the way of denominational unity has been the unwillingness of any religious body to sanction a change in its particular belief. If the new Catechism does not remove this obstacle it at least makes plainer the way of its removal.

Eight Years Ago a Wilderness, Now a Thriving Modern Community

Oklahoma was set off from the Indian Territory and made a separate Commonwealth in 1890. Its first citizens were the Payne boomers; its first experience in getting along, disappointment; and at the end of a year most of the people who went there regretted they had done so.

To-day it would require many figures, and large ones, too, to tell the story of a little more than eight years of struggle and accomplishment. Once comparatively isolated, it can now be reached by direct trunk lines from any part of the country.

A population of over 311,000 has taxable property assessed at upward of $40,500,000, and while farming and stock-raising are the most productive industries, important manufactures have crept into the cities and towns, cotton has unexpectedly become a valuable staple, and the earth is yielding coal, salt, gypsum and other economic minerals.

The church is firmly established in a dozen or more of its branches, public and sectarian schools for whites and Indians are numerous and adequately sustained in every respect; National and Territorial banks are plentiful and have substantial resources, and the Territorial debt is less than seventy-five cents per capita.

Restoring Domestic Peace and Tranquillity to the Island of Cuba

There seems to be a general belief that one of the speediest means of restoring tranquillity to the island of Cuba and setting in motion self-sustaining activities will be the disbanding of the Cuban Army. How this may best be accomplished has been a serious question ever since the fall of Santiago.

Cuban leaders have demanded the payment of various sums of money, the maximum $60,000,000, for distribution among the men, both in lieu of pay for their services and as small individual capital to enable them to begin to support themselves.

Competent American judges have preferred a Congressional appropriation large enough to provide the people, Army included, with tools and other material that will enable them to resume long-neglected and productive industry.

While General Gomez, as Commander-in-Chief, declares that he will not disband his Army till the men have been paid, it is now probable that he and they will have to be contented with what is understood to be a compromise between the United States Government and the Cuban Commission.

This provides that the United States will supply $3,000,000 for disbursement to the Army if General Gomez will agree to disband his forces and aid the military administration of the island by the United States.

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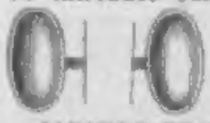

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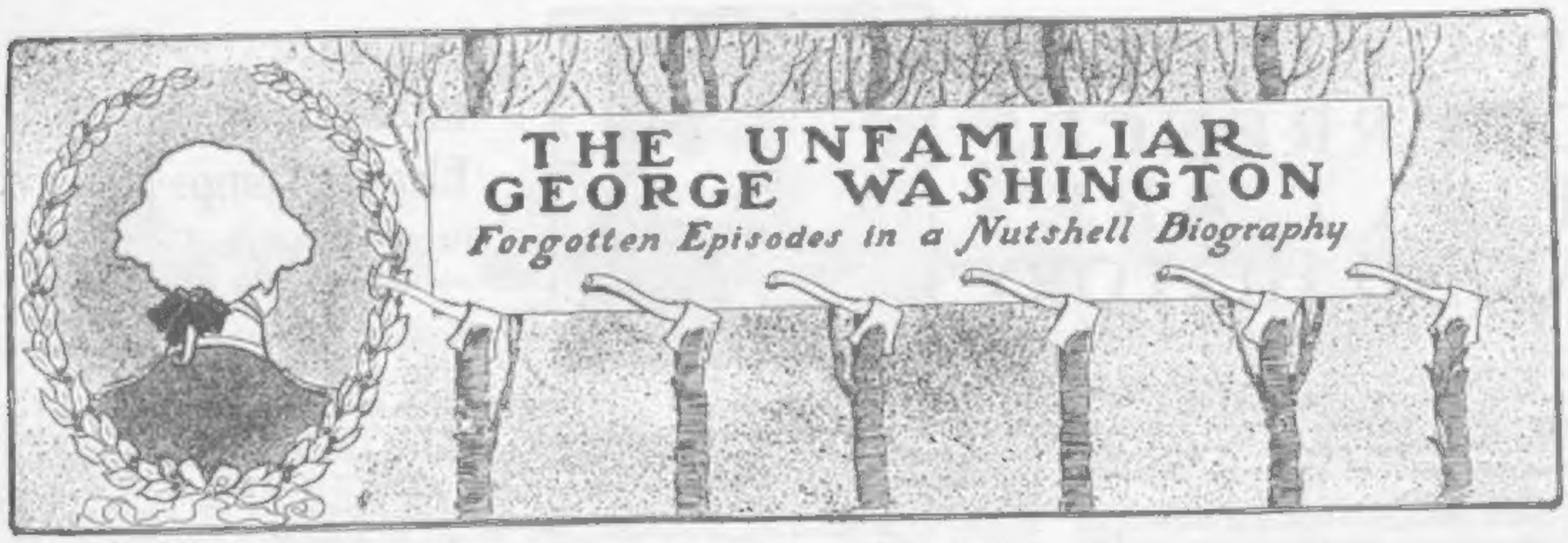

By PERRITON MAXWELL

"General Washington is known to us, and President Washington, but George Washington is an unknown man."—John Bach McMaster in his History of the United States.

WASHINGTON, great General and masterful politician that he was, could boast of only ordinary qualifications as a man of peaceful pursuits; he was, after all, a personage of excellent character upon whom fortune had smiled, and who was wise enough to make the most of men and circumstances.

Washington was Born February 11, in the old way of reckoning time, but under the revised system of chronology the date was advanced eleven days. February 22, therefore (the day on which we celebrate the birth of Washington), is not, strictly speaking, a true anniversary.

The Cherry Tree Story is pure fiction,—an invention of Washington's first biographer, Parson Mason L. Weems, whose budget of anecdotes, to which were usually appended a first-class moral, was accepted as truth by an unsuspecting world because its author was the earliest in the field with a life of the great man. The scene of the cherry tree incident is located on the Stafford farm, where Washington's father died, and from which his mother moved to the house in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

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Washington Told a Lie when a boy, according to a tradition in the town of his youth,—Fredericksburg. Being but a tradition,—a great-grandmother's narrative,—it is given for what it is worth. The story runs that Washington, thirteen years old at the time, was sent by his mother to drive home a cow from the near-by pasture, and milk it when stabled. The cow was duly driven to shelter by George, who, disliking menial tasks, neglected to milk the beast. He had gone to bed when his mother, hearing the bellowing of the cow, and suspecting something wrong, called to George, asking if he had obeyed her injunction about milking. Sleepily he answered "Yes."

Washington's Personal Appearance was very striking. He was a tall man, standing six feet two inches in his boots. "My stature is six feet; otherwise rather slender than corpulent," is the way the Father of His Country described himself to a London tailor. He limped almost imperceptibly in the left leg; this was the result of striking his knee against a tree during the campaign of '76. His eyes were bluish-gray in color, but very bright and expressive. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. His hair was a chestnut brown, and curly. His cheeks were prominent, and his complexion generally pale, with just a tinge of color high up on the cheek bones. His face showed the marks of the smallpox, with which he was stricken during his trip to the Bahamas in 1751. His chin was firm, his nose straight and long; his eyes, widely separated, were overhung by a heavy brow. His teeth were nearly all defective or false.

Washington's head was not large, compared with every other part of his body, which seemed big and bony. His finger-joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. His hands were so long and broad that he could not buy a covering to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His boots were enormous; they were No. 13, and their combined weight with spurs attached was twenty-one pounds. His arms and legs were as long as they were large. Muscular, wide-shouldered, and always athletic, he weighed 175 pounds when he took his seat in the House of Burgesses in 1759, and tipped the scales at 210 pounds shortly before he died.

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Washington as a Dandy.—He dressed well and expensively, according to the fashion of his day. In his earlier years he was looked upon as a dandy, and the cut and color of his waistcoats and breeches were widely copied by the American Beau Brummels, who looked to Washington as the standard of taste.

Washington's Every-Day Clothes were of black velvet, with which he wore white silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles of silver, hair powdered, and gathered in a queue adorned with a black velvet bow. With this garb Washington usually wore a cocked hat, the edges of which were adorned with a black feather an inch deep, yellow gloves, a long sword with a scabbard of white polished leather and a hilt of finely wrought steel.

Though fond of fine clothes himself, he sometimes admonished his nephew, Bushrod Washington, against the evils of overdressing. "Do not conceive," he writes in 1783, "that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

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Washington was Illiterate and was painfully conscious of it. Obliged to leave school when he was but fourteen years of age, he acquired such knowledge as he possessed from books and intercourse with educated men. Washington was an omnivorous reader; no printed matter left his hands without being carefully read and digested. He was endowed with a tenacious memory, but to the last he was a poor speller and a bad grammarian. He invariably wrote whole sentences constructed in such a fashion as to be hopelessly involved and unparsable. Rev. Jonathan Boucher, once Washington's friend, but later one of his bitterest enemies, said that "George, like most people thereabouts at that time, had no education other than reading, writing and accounts, which he was taught by a convict servant whom his father bought for schoolmaster."

In existing documents and letters in Washington's handwriting are such abominably spelled words as "sensable," "morterly," "inaugerate," "satersly," "deplomacy" and "reverance."

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Washington Loved Animals, and was a hearty sportsman; one of his chief recreations was deer-stalking, though he oftener took gun and rod in quest of lesser game. Best of all, however, he loved a day in the saddle, with a deal of rough riding after the hounds and a wily Reynard to bag. Washington's horses and dogs were all fine-blooded stock.

Washington's Recreations indoors were for the most part confined to card-playing, billiards, dancing, and music on the harp, which his adopted daughter, Eleanor Parke Custis, played with skill and expression. Washington had no great passion for music. He was fond of cards, and played for stakes the value of which were frequently great enough to win the admiration of the veteran gamblers of the day. The theatre had some fascination for him, though if records count for anything he found his keenest enjoyment in a cockfight. It was not unusual for him to "plunge" heavily on a lottery investment, though never with extraordinary luck.

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Washington Ate Heartily, and, after the manner of the time, drank often and deep, though never to the point of excess, as did very nearly all the notable men with whom he came in contact. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awakening in the morning, and wine was freely served at all meals. A young Englishman introduced to Washington by Richard Henry Lee afterward wrote that "the General with a few glasses of champagne grew quite merry, and being with his intimate friends, laughed and talked a great deal." And yet Washington had little patience with full-blooded, rollicking winebibbers of his time.

Washington's Only Sister, Elisabeth, or Betty, bore a striking resemblance to the General. "She was a most majestic looking woman," says George Washington Parke Custis, in his memoirs of Washington, "and so much like her brother that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cape around her, and, placing a military hat on her head, such was the amazing resemblance, that on her appearance battalions would have presented arms and Senates risen to do homage to the chief."

Washington's Mother is the only American woman in whose honor and memory a public monument has been erected. Her grave is near the old Washington homestead in Fredericksburg, and the exact spot of her interment, on a rocky crag, was selected by her, as she explained, "because it never could be cultivated."

Mrs. Washington was a diligent worker. She attended in person to her garden and dairy, milking and churning with her own hands. Washington's sternness and taciturnity were undoubtedly inherited from his maternal parent. She is described as one who scolded much about small household affairs and grumbled a deal about the doings of her neighbors. To the day of her death she found great comfort in her pipe, and was not averse to an occasional pinch of snuff. She was a Tory in politics, and venerated the name of King George III. Mary Washington lived to be eighty-three years old, and died of cancer. She once complained in a letter to a friend that she "never lived soe poore in all my life," and this at the time Washington was lavishing gifts upon her and arranging every comfort for her.

Washington's Father was never known to him, except as a boy of eleven or twelve years old can know his paternal parent. Nothing the elder Washington ever did or said made any impression upon George's character. Indeed, his father is mentioned only once,—or at the most twice,—in his correspondence or diaries, and then with no indication of affection or reverence.

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Washington as a Property Owner was one of the wealthiest men in this country during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. He owned at the time of his death 51,395 acres, not including the Mount Vernon estate; the property of his wife was valued at $530,000. In 1793 Washington owned 317 head of cattle, 634 sheep, and fifty-four draught horses. The general live stock on his farm was estimated at $35,000. Over 300 persons lived on the Mount Vernon estate, and Washington employed his own carpenters, blacksmiths, weavers, masons and cobblers. A shrewd man at driving a bargain, cautious in all speculative ventures, and fond of the details of business as he was of military affairs, Washington's greatest ambition in time of peace was to be known as the first farmer of America.

One of his greatest treasures, won as an agriculturist, was a massive silver cup, nine inches high, elegantly chased, and bearing this inscription:

"1790.
A Premium from the
Agricultural Society of South Carolina
to
George Washington
For Raising the Largest Jackass"

Under the inscription a very realistic portrait of the animal was engraved. Washington's marriage to the widow Custis brought to his care an estate valued in round numbers at $100,000. This was great wealth in Washington's day.

Washington's Religion was in its essence an adherence to the simple principles laid down in the Golden Rule. He dealt with others as he wished them to deal with him. He seldom touched upon religious subjects, and considered the theme beyond the province of a drawing-room discussion. He was a zealous member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and seldom missed divine service, no matter where he was stationed or what the special doctrine or belief of the preacher to whose sermons he listened.

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Washington's Last Words were "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go." He died of a congestive chill, followed by a spasmodic strangulation of the throat, due to exposure to the sleet and rain on the afternoon of December 13, 1799. His physician, Doctor Craik, was unable to give him any great relief, and to Washington's calm inquiry as to his condition the doctor gave his opinion that the attack would surely prove fatal. Washington received this information without the slightest show of emotion. At eleven o'clock the next night (December 14) he felt his own pulse almost up to the instant it gave its last beat, speaking consolingly now and then to his wife. He was clear-headed and coherent to the end. There are thirteen words on his coffin-plate. They read:

"General George Washington. Departed this life on the 14th December, 1799. Æt. 68."

Such are a few of the unfamiliar facts about Washington, which should not make us disparage his achievements nor underestimate his sterling manhood.

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NUMBER ONE.—Wherein are continued the Words of Counsel to the Youth of the Day on Questions Relating to their *Welfare* and *Development*, commenced by Benj. Franklin, the Founder of this Paper.

"He that by the Plow would Thrive, Himself must either Hold or Drive."
—Poor Richard's Almanack.

Drudgery the First Step to Success

FROM time to time we hear arguments in literary circles advocating the endowment of our modern poets, thinkers and prophets on the ground that, if they were relieved of the drudgery of bread-winning, they would produce far better and more memorable work.

The obvious answer is, says Rev. William J. Dawson, in his excellent book on The Making of Manhood, that we already have large classes of persons who are relieved of the drudgery of bread-winning, and that it is precisely the lives of these persons which are least fruitful of public good. If the argument were sound, we ought to discover our great authors and poets and thinkers among the rich; on the contrary, they come from such places as Craigenputtock, and other obscure localities, where the mere getting of bread is difficult.

There is no denying the fact, that in proportion as life is made easy to a man, the development of manhood is retarded, and the less need there is for work the more likely is a man to waste his gifts. The surest way of killing genius is to pension it.

Even if we argue the case on its lowest plane, it is abundantly evident that much of the best work ever done by the pen or the brush would never have been done but for the pressure of poverty. Doctor Johnson wrote Rasselas that he might raise money to bury his mother; Lee invented the spinning-jenny to earn bread for his children; Mrs. Trollope in mid-life took to authorship and produced fifty novels because she was left a widow with a family to provide for. The only two known forces that drive men to work are famine and ambition, and of these the former is much stronger than the latter.

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Drudgery may not be pleasant nor welcome, but it is in the doing of distasteful work that we learn the self-discipline which fits us for work at all, and establish the habit of work, which alone can make any high achievement possible.

I have little faith in the youth who is always crying out against his condition and telling an incredulous world what great things he could do if his lot were different. The boast of general talents for everything usually resolves itself into particular talents for nothing. The incompetent clerk, in nine cases out of ten, would be equally incompetent as writer, artist or speaker.

The superior talent always shows itself in the superior performance of inferior duties. It is the man who is faithful in little things to whom there is given authority over larger things. He who has never learned the art of drudgery is never likely to acquire the faculty of great and memorable work, since the greater a man is the greater is his power of drudgery.

Young writers talk about waiting for inspiration; old writers know that the best inspiration is the habit of work. "Three miles a day will carry you a thousand miles in the year" was a saying of Galton's in which James Smetham took great comfort.

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All forms of work are really automatic, or can be made so. Once train the mind to know that at a certain hour of each day it must begin to work in a certain way and after a while it will do so at a word. The slightest finger-touch of purpose will start the machinery. What the youth has to do is to break himself into this habit of work; and when once the process is complete it need never be repeated.

Another example,—perhaps an unexpected one,—of the faculty of genius for work we find in Rudyard Kipling. Most people suppose that such stories as his must depend a good deal on inspired moments; that the sort of man who could write them is a meditative onlooker, watching the play of life from some calm retreat.

What are the facts? Rudyard Kipling owes everything to work. He has led one of the hardest and most strenuous of lives. Of course, he has genius, imaginative power, observation; but they have been trained and developed in the school of hard work. At sixteen he had written reams of tales and verse. It was at this mature epoch that he met at dinner the proprietor of a great Indian newspaper, who was struck with the old-fashioned cocksuredness of the boy. He asked him if he had written anything, and finally engaged him, at £300 per annum, to go out to India and act as sub-editor of that country's most influential paper.

Every one who knows anything knows that the life of a sub-editor is much like that of the toad under the harrow. Add to that the debilitating climate of India, and think of what the life of this youth of sixteen must have been. He has given a glimpse of it in the impressive opening of his powerful story, The Man Who Would be King.

What chance there, most folks would say, of producing stories? But it was in such conditions that much of his best work was done. He also could toil terribly. A year or two ago, when he might have been the lion of the London drawing-rooms, he suddenly disappeared. He left no address; his own relatives called at his chambers in vain. He had gone into the heart of the country with a man and a typewriter.

There he worked steadily for ten hours a day till he had produced his book. When the task was finished he was almost speechless and paralyzed with the tremendous nervous strain. But he had done what he meant to do; he had refused to fritter his time in social frivolities, and had kept the public ear at a time when it was most necessary for him to justify the fame which his first book had brought him.

Depend upon it, behind all great achievement there lies great toil; nothing that is worth doing is done easily. "The habit of work" again,—that is the secret of success.

• • •

Money as Stored Power

MY DEFINITION of money is this: Money is myself. I am a working man, and on Saturday night I receive $12, which is one week's worth of my brawn,—of myself, my energy,—put into greenbacks and pocketed. Or I am a clerk in a store, and at the end of the week I get $20,—the equivalent of a week of myself. Or I am a merchant, and find that a week's worth of myself is $1000.

Money in the pocket is something human, for it represents power expended. The electric storage battery is a marvel. The button is the governor of the stored power, able to light a house, move machinery, cure a pain or kill a man. Money, too, is stored power,—stored only to be loosed. The question is, How shall it be loosed,—to build up or to destroy?—Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D.

• • •

Demand for Reliable Men in Business

FROM the best source of reliable information obtainable, says the St. Louis Manufacturer, it is safe to state that the greatest scarcity in the business world to-day is among that class of men whose intelligence, aptitude for business, established character for integrity and progressive methods are of such a character as to make them worth a salary of from $5000 to $10,000.

Wherever a man can be found who can demonstrate that he possesses the requisites to fill such a position, the men who have money to invest will go into a business with him at its head. The lack of such men is keeping millions of dollars now idle from being put into circulation.

The man who can establish his personal fitness for a position of that character need not be idle any longer than it takes him to prove his worth. There is also a scarcity of men who can show to business men that they are worth from $2000 to $5000 per year, but as the latter class is far more numerous there are fewer of them idle than of the higher class of business men, notwithstanding the fact that there are ten positions open to the class of business men who can prove their worth of a salary of from $2500 to $5000 per year, to where there is one such man known to business men needing such talent.

• • •

Rest, an Absolute Duty in Business

YOU will often hear people say they cannot afford to rest, says an exchange. Ask a busy man, who shows from his careworn appearance that he needs rest and a change badly, why he does not stop, drop his business for a little while, and take a rest, and he is almost sure to reply, "Oh, I could not possibly get away; I have no time to rest," and the busier the man is, and the more he needs a rest, the harder it is to convince him that he should "take a rest."

If the busy man owns an overworked horse he is pretty sure to note the signs of exhaustion in the animal and see to it that the horse is given a rest, but as for himself he "is able to stand it," and keeps plugging along in the daily tread until some day the overworked human machinery stops short.

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BUYING THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MANUSCRIPT+

By Mary J. Safford

ALMOST every notice of the death of Dr. George Ebers, the famous Egyptologist and novelist, mentioned, as one of the most notable incidents in his life, the discovery of the Papyrus Ebers, now preserved in the library of the University of Leipsic as one of its choicest treasures. But comparatively few persons know what the Papyrus Ebers is, or how the great scholar was so fortunate as to secure it.

The manuscript was written in the sixteenth century B. C., and is a medical work whose production was attributed to the god Thoth. It contained formulas for the preparation of various remedies that were applied to the diseased parts of the body, while the physician repeated incantations. The chapter on the diseases of the eye is one of the most important, and it is certainly curious to find that, fully 1500 years before Christ, pulling out eyelashes was the cure prescribed for ingrowing ones.

*

The story of Doctor Ebers' good fortune in gaining possession of the papyrus was told by himself as follows:

"I had taken up my residence in the City of the Dead at Thebes, with Ludwig Stern, a young scholar who accompanied me, who afterward won great renown as a Coptologist. On entering one of the tombs in the Libyan Mountains, west of Thebes, the German Consular Agent at Luxor, a Copt named Todrus, and his son Moharreb were of great service. With their help we fitted up the rock-tomb as a dwelling. Todrus perceived at once that our studies, our copies of the inscriptions and pictures were serious work, and not the hunt for antiquities of the tourists who "do" Thebes in a few days, and carry home imitation trash as genuine mementoes of the time of the Ptolemies.

"As, in that neighborhood, the traffic in antiquities is carried on almost exclusively by the natives, Todrus one day offered me some 'venerable' manuscripts for sale. I examined them, but found nothing valuable.

"'If you had anything really great and important,' I said, 'I would probably buy it, but these things do not interest me.'

"'I have,' whispered Todrus, whose confidence in me had increased since he had seen me in the company of 'men of rank.'

*

"I had visited several of the objects of special interest in these historic places with the Princes Leopold and Arnulf, of Bavaria, who were traveling in Egypt, and this fact had so impressed Todrus that he now thought it worth while to drag out a large metal case, open it, and show me the contents. I saw a manuscript preserved in mummy bandages, unfolded it, and perceived that it was an ancient yellowish-brown papyrus, in the best possible preservation, whose writing was done partly with red, partly with black ink, or color.

"I grew hot and cold with excitement. 'What is the price of the manuscript?' I asked, with feigned composure, for enthusiasm puts up prices. He named a sum. I offered less. Thereupon he demanded much more than at first, and could not be persuaded to be satisfied with the amount originally fixed.

"'You will have time to consider,' I said to him. 'I am going to Philæ to-morrow, and will see you again after my return.' I hoped he would close the bargain at once, but he let me go with perfect indifference. So I went off on my Nile-boat, thinking day and night of the papyrus.

"'You must buy it,' urged my traveling companion. We spent a fortnight in Philæ. On the way home I stopped at Esneh, but had scarcely begun copying the inscriptions when I met an acquaintance from Prague, who had just arrived by the steamer. He informed me that the gentleman with him, Mr. Deutsch, curator of the Oriental manuscripts in the British Museum, was in pursuit of a papyrus said to be at Luxor. A thrill of terror darted through every nerve. I ran back to my boat, and promised the rowers a fat wether if they would take me to Luxor as quickly as possible. The steamer with the Englishman would remain all night at Esne, so I had an advantage which must be used.

"On reaching the place I rushed to Todrus, and, assuming a composure very foreign to my feelings, said with a tolerable show of indifference: 'Well, how about our bargain?'

"'I'll let you have the papyrus for the price I named first.'

"'Done. Have you got it with you?'

"'Yes; but how will you pay me?'

"'By a postal order; for I haven't but $250 in money.'

"'Then you can't have the papyrus. I won't take those written papers; I know enough about the plagues.'

"'Then I'll telegraph to the German Consul at Cairo.'

"'Very well, but the papyrus doesn't go out of my hands till I get the money.'

*

"Nothing could change his resolution. The thought that this unique treasure might go to England instead of to Germany drove me to despair.

"But what would sound improbable in a romance occurred in reality. A friend, Privy Councilor Gunther, from Leipsic, appeared as if summoned, and I returned his greeting as quickly as possible with the question: 'Have you much money on hand?'

"'No, but a fellow-passenger, a Swiss, regrets having brought so much cash, instead of a bill of exchange.'

"'Oh, then I can be helped out of my dilemma.' I briefly told my story, he obtained the money, I flew to Todrus and was happy, for at last the precious manuscript was mine. The steamer bearing Mr. Deutsch arrived soon after, and, with quiet amusement, I watched the gentleman from the British Museum enter the house of worthy Todrus.

"The latter met me the same day and wished to withdraw from the bargain because an Englishman had offered him twice as much money. I shook my head. Todrus lamented, and showed me his tongue, which had turned yellow from chagrin. But I continued my journey—to Cairo.

*

"My traveling companion took the utmost care of the papyrus, guarding it like the apple of his eye, and yet the hot ashes which fell from a pipe upon the divan of the cabin once came within an ace of burning it.

"I uttered a sigh of relief when the kavass of the German consulate at Cairo returned from Alexandria, where he had placed the manuscript, addressed to the Saxon Ministry, on the steamer. But I was happiest of all when my precious prize was beyond all danger,—safely sheltered in the University buildings at Leipsic."

* * * * * * *

SHARING ALL

DEAR, it is twilight time, the time of rest;
Ah! cease that weary pacing to and fro;
Sit down beside me in this cushioned nest,
Warm with the brightness of our ingle glow.
Dear, thou art troubled. Let me share thy lot
Of shadow, as I shared thy sunshine hours.
I am no child, though childhood, half forgot,
Lies close behind me with its toys and flowers.
I am a woman, waked by happy love
To keep home's sacred altar fire alight!
Thou has elected me to stand above
All others in thine heart. I claim my right,
Not wife alone, but mate and comrade true.
I shared thy roses, let me share thy rue!

Bitter? I know it. God hath made it so;
But from His hand shall we take good alone,
And evil never? Let the world's wealth go,
Life hath no loss which love cannot atone.
Show me the new hard path that we must tread,—
I shall not faint nor falter by the way,—
And be there cloud or sunshine overhead,
I shall not fail thee to my dying day.
But love me, love me; let our hearts and lips
Cling closer in our sorrow than in joy;
Let faith outshine our fortunes in eclipse,
And love deem wealth a lost and broken toy.
Joy made us glad, let sorrow find us true;
God blessed our roses, He will bless our rue.

—All the Year Round.

Twenty-Third Annual Statement of

The PRUDENTIAL

January 1, 1899

ASSETS

Bonds and Mortgages	$10,489,318.63
Real Estate	3,557,234.29
Railroad Bonds (Market Value)	9,054,906.25
Municipal Bonds (Market Value)	3,167,718.75
U. S. Government Bonds (Market Value)	111,000.00
Cash in Banks and Office	1,311,107.03
Interests and Rents, due and accrued	308,243.00
Loans on Collateral Securities	30,000.00
Loans on Policies	225,570.52
Deferred Premiums in course of collection	632,097.95
Total	$28,887,196.42

LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies	$22,877,071.00
Capital and Surplus to Policy-holders	5,888,894.76
All other Liabilities	121,230.66
Total	$28,887,196.42

The Prudential's Record for 1898 shows remarkable gains in those Departments of its business which add Strength, Progress and Prosperity.

ASSETS	increased to nearly	29 MILLION DOLLARS
SURPLUS	increased to nearly	6 MILLION DOLLARS
INCOME	increased to over	17 MILLION DOLLARS
INSURANCE IN FORCE	increased to over	414 MILLION DOLLARS
POLICIES IN FORCE	increased to nearly	3 MILLIONS
CLAIMS PAID DURING 1898	on over	43 THOUSAND POLICIES
PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	during 1898 over	5 MILLION DOLLARS
TOTAL PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	to date, over	36 MILLION DOLLARS

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Three widely distinct classes exist: the nobles; the burghers, or townsfolk, and the peasants. Among such a diversity of races and social conditions the costumes are necessarily very different. The photograph shows a traveling salesman, clad in the loose, flowing, priestly robe, largely worn by men of the middle class in Central European Russia, explaining to a customer the use of a Singer Sewing Machine. The woman wears the indoor costume of the women of Novgorod, a long, loose, richly embroidered robe, over which is a long, open, sleeveless jacket. Her gold beads and sequins are considered family heirlooms.

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